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LETTERS,  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS  
OF  
JOANNA SOUTHCOTT,  
THE PROPHETESS OF EXETER:

*lately written*

TO  
JANE TOWNLEY.

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LUKE, 24th CHAP. 17th VERSE.

“WHAT MANNER of Communications  
ARE THESE?”

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JUNE, 1804.



STOURBRIDGE:

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1804.



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## LETTERS, &c.

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JUNE 10th, 1804.

Dear Miss Townley,

WHAT new wonders are daily presented before my view! I dare not suffer myself to indulge a thought of them; if I did, I could not write, or keep my senses: but if we go one step from the directions the Lord hath given to me, we are lost in time, and to all Eternity;—fallen from the height of happiness, to the depth of misery and woe. We must stand by Eve's first words; but we are lost, if we comply, as she did, *to go one step further afterwards*. I would sooner go to the flames as a martyr, than go *one step* from the directions the Lord hath given me concerning my Trial—and you must charge my friends, for their lives, NEVER to consent to ANY PROPOSALS made by any man; but say,



as the Lord hath commanded it, we MUST OBEY; for, if they consent any other way, they shall *never see me*: for I am determined to abide by Eve's *first words*, and no arts of the serpent can work in man, shall ever make me go to *the second*: for had she abided by the first, "*The Lord hath forbidden it*," and stood to her word, she could not have fallen—and now the devil will come in men, instead of the serpent, to try me. Therefore, we must stand to Eve's first words, and then we shall not fail. I hope, by the next post, you will be able to send them all the joys that are set before them, and then let them judge for themselves; if they would run so fatal a hazard, as to go *one step of their own*, to do either good or evil. I am forbid from ever speaking to man any more, before I meet them in my Trial—so I cannot see friend or foe, and *no man* must come in my presence before I go to begin my journey, and then I must not speak to any man upon the road—and when I arrive to take my Trial, there is not *one of my men friends* must come to see me, before they meet me in the room—and then those that are against me must enter first, having such strict charges given me; and knowing that how the serpent would try in man to betray me, to make me disobey. I began, this morning, to ponder in my heart what Arts he could use in man to accomplish it; but thought to myself, he might use his arts in this way—to tempt men, they ought to have me first to be tried by medical men, to see if I was in my senses; but that I thought the devil would be easily foiled there, as they were to contend with the Twenty-four chosen men first—and if they would not consent to that—then, they would give it up that all is right: as you, as well as so many



witnesses can prove my senses as good as ever, and my understanding much clearer. Another thought came into my head, they might make a search after me, to resolve to find me, and then I was determined in my mind, not to see them, for I would shut my eyes, and keep fast my mouth—that it was not all the arts of men and devils should make me open either: for I would not look on them, as Eve did on the serpent; nor dispute with them, as she did with the serpent. I am writing you my simple thoughts, because the answer to them is deep and weighty; for I was ordered to pen the ponderings of my heart.

Adieu.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

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*The answer of the Spirit to the above ponderings of  
Joanna's heart.*

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“NOW this has been the pondering heart of thee—  
How thou wouldst act sooner than disobey?  
And from thy heart I'll now appear,  
And prove that men are devils here;  
If they would have thee disobey,  
And let the serpent now to say,  
It is a fever of thy brain,  
That thou with men do thus contend  
Thy Maker's will for to obey;  
They all shall find the woman's free  
From the temptations of the Fall,  
And from *that* guilt, I tell you all—  
And so by her the serpent's cast;—  
But now in man he strong does burst;  
So 'tis with man she must contend;  
Because the devil's now in men—  
And like the serpent do appear,—

And now from † Paul I'll answer here,  
 That My simplicity is come  
 To shew you in the woman's form  
 I'M come the world for to redeem,  
 From Adam's fall, I now tell men—  
 And now I'll tell you of the Law,  
 Under the fall you all must know,  
 You all stand tainted by the fall;  
 But now's the time, I tell you all,  
 I will redeem you from that curse,  
 For here the serpent now is cast—  
 In true simplicity she's come,  
 That is, in CHRIST to guide her hand,  
 In true obedience to appear—  
 And now, Oh men, you must take care  
 You are not in the serpent's form;  
 Then here's a sin you don't discern,  
 So strong against the HOLY GHOST,  
 If any man so bold should burst;  
 As in her heart she'll ponder'd here,  
 From hell that man I cannot clear;  
 For there he ever must remain,  
 Worse than the devil you see plain,  
 That man in boldness must become;  
 For now I'll answer unto man——  
 Had satan in the serpent's form,  
 Gone to the woman then unknown,  
 And said he'd sting her then to death,  
 If she refus'd the fruit to taste!—  
 And shew'd her then his pois'nous spear,  
 Then soon in hell he should appear:  
 Because no blame could be in her—  
 She eat the Fruit her life to spare;  
 Or, else, I say, her life to save,—  
 When I had said, she should not live;  
 If in *My Power* he had come,  
 I say, My honour 't must be gone  
 To let him reign another day,  
 No, 'twas *by arts* he did betray.  
 And they *by arts* may try the same,  
 But know, vain man, if ere you come  
 In *any Violence* to appear:  
 As I've pronounc'd by satan's spear,  
 Your sins against the HOLY GHOST,

† 2. Corr. 11 chap. 3 verse. ---- Galatians, 4 chap. 4 verse.

And you in hell are ever lost.  
 Because much bolder you must come,  
 Than ever satan did assume;  
 And 'twas *by arts* he did condemn,  
 That he MY people could betray;  
 And so *by arts* he came to thee,  
 With every fatal threatening there;  
 But never did to thee appear:  
 Because that power I forbad,—  
 And ne'er would let him to proceed.—  
 And now the same, I say to man,  
 I'll give them leave to act like him,  
 In every threatening to appear;  
 But ne'er approach thy person here.  
 If they can make thee to comply  
 With all the arts that they can try:  
 Then I'll not cast the blame on man,  
 If they can pluck thee from MY HAND,  
 By any arts, or threatenings, here:  
 But if *in Power* they do appear,  
 Thinking *by Power* thus to do;  
 Thy silence every soul shall know.  
 Because as thou hast ponder'd here,  
 And there's no answer men should hear  
 In any word then spoke by thee,  
 Nor, yet their face thou should'st not see—  
 I'd sooner make thee dead and blind,  
 Than e'er let man *that Power* find.  
 And soon in hell they should appear,  
 And they no more from ME should hear—  
 And no more mercy they should see,  
 Than they would hear, and see in thee.—  
 For now I've brought the cause to man,  
 To prove the end how all will stand:  
 For as that chapter doth appear,  
 Man is the serpent; I say here;  
 For My simplicity is come,  
 To bring the cause, and now try man,  
 What they would be in satan's room:  
 For strongly in them now he's come—  
 The simple woman to betray,  
 And make her now to disobey;  
 With every art that they can do,  
 I now allow them to pursue,  
 Without *a violence* to appear;  
 Or, ere approach thy person here:



Unless they make thee to comply  
 By thy consent, and Me deny.—  
 But in thy heart I well do know,  
 Thou say'st no arts can ever do—  
 If they like satan should appear,  
 To send the greatest offers here:  
 As he would 've made thee Queen of hell;  
 And man on earth the same should swell,  
 To say they'd make the Queen the same,  
 They'd find in thee *an equal scorn*.—  
 They with their Gold may perish here,  
 And all their threatenings thou'lt not fear—  
 For My command thou wilt obey  
 Nor Earth, nor Hell should alter thee;  
 Before thou had'st seen the perfect end,  
 To no one living thou wilt bend;  
 But My command thou wilt obey—  
 Then hear the words I now do say—  
 I've brought the woman to your view,  
 'Tis for your good you all shall know:  
 If by her words you now do stand,  
 Then Paradise you may command.—  
 For now the serpent is in man,  
 With all the rage of hell he's come,  
 To see if he can me betray  
 By any arts brought round this way.—  
 I gave him leave to work his will  
 And try his power and his skill  
 With all the art, he can invent,  
 To work in man is My consent:—  
 Thy every virtues for to try,  
 To see if thou wilt e'er comply  
 To *new proposals* made by man:—  
 Then I will own like Eve thou'st done.  
 But if like Eve thou'lt not appear,  
 With all their threatening malice here:  
 But to her first words thou wilt stand,  
 And say it is the LORD'S command;  
*The way* the trial now is plac'd:  
 And then *the good Fruit* they shall taste.  
 But *one step* further must not go;  
 For there the woman found her woe—  
 And there your woes, I say would come,  
 If now *one step* is giv'n up to man,  
 From any way the trial's plac'd;  
 For then the Evil it would burst,

And every woe must come on man,  
 For then I say, you're all undone.  
 But if you stand unto MY word  
 You'll find ME as a Powerful GOD,  
 To bring REDEMPTION unto man,  
 And find My Kingdom is nigh at Hand—  
 Because mankind I well do know,  
 When they are *convinced* they wrong did go,  
 To seek by arts for to betray,  
 I know in mourning then they'll lay;  
 And all themselves they'll highly blame,  
 And then the Serpent I shall shame—  
 And tell him for to act like men,  
 Weep and repent of what he'th done:  
 For he shall grieve mankind no more,  
 I'll rid him of this earthly shore;  
 And claim the kingdoms all my own,  
 And men as Earthly Gods shall come—  
 And Paradise on Earth shall see.  
 —So here's the mystery of the Fall:  
 For the first words I tell you all,  
 Must in the woman now appear;  
*With My Command*, must all stop there—  
 And then the Serpent must be cast,  
 And he in hell with rage may burst:  
 Because I know he've had *his time*,  
 And now he'll find I will HAVE MINE.  
 For so the ending shall appear,  
 And know I always told thee here,  
 When I redeem'd you from the Fall  
 You must come back to Adam's call—  
 For the Creation't must appear  
 When I do come *the whole* to clear.—  
 And can it be another way?  
 I ask, My Honor, how't must lay,  
 To say *at first* I laid a *Plan*,  
 To be a *Helpmate* then for man;  
 As I pronounc'd it for his good.—  
 Can man so vainly judge their God,  
 Should let the devil ME betray,  
 And turn ME back another way?  
 And tell ME I should not go through,  
 The Plan I'd laid would never do?  
 But now, to do it, I AM come;—  
 And Satan may consult with man,

To turn it back another way—  
 They both together may agree  
 If they an art can now invent  
 Thy heart in sunder for to rend;  
 And make thee disobey My will;  
 Then I'll give up to Satan's skill,  
 That he hath work'd *to act* in man,  
 If they thy heart can now o'ercome—  
 Then men shall say there is a God;  
 But not *in Power* as 'tis said;  
 Nor yet *in Wisdom* so DIVINE,  
 If they can make the heart of thine,  
 To yield to them *another way*,  
*Than I have laid the Plan for thee."*

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Now, my dear Miss Townley, must not we  
 be worse than Mad-men and Fools deserving pun-  
 ishment worse than the devil, if we draw back to  
 dishonor GOD, after His unbounded love and  
 goodness to man?

(Signed)

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.



HERE follow copies, and part of copies, of Letters and Communications of JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, which she sent to Miss Townley; and which Miss Townley has, according to the dates, transmitted to the Rev. T. P. Foley, of Oldswinford, Worcestershire.



*Wednesday, June 13, 1804.*

REV. SIR,

I went, this morning, to our dear Joanna, for directions for Mr. Sharp, concerning the Book in which the Letters are placed wrong: but no words can express the feelings of my heart, to see her, as though she was surrounded by the devil and all his hellish hosts, in such agonies as if he was tearing her very soul and body. The horror and misery of her was far beyond what pen can express, or heart conceive, that was not an eye-witness to it. It has been a day indeed; a day of everlasting remembrance to me, that never can be forgotten. I shall give you the words, penned from her mouth during this scene of distress; though I was hardly able to pen them at the time, and scarcely able to write them now: but it is her wish to have them to-morrow. Here followeth the words. (Signed)

JANE TOWNLEY.  
ANN UNDERWOOD.

June 13, 1804.

*Dear Miss Townley,*

THERE is no pen can paint, nor heart conceive, the horror and misery I have felt, ever since the book, that is now printing in London, has come to my view; when I saw it was placed wrong, it went as a dagger to my heart: and though I was answered, the Lord had permitted it for wise ends, and you took all the blame to yourself, yet the thoughts of Mr. Sharp's letter struck as a dagger through my heart and soul; as I remembered hearing it read, he had altered the title-page, which I then understood was only the outside leaf, that I did not approve of myself; but when the book was brought, that I saw he had altered the whole, self-reflection cut me to the soul; and, till the Lord is pleased to take this burden from me, my life is miserable. All the heavenly joy I felt before, is now vanished into horror and misery greater than I can bear. I do not believe there is a more wretched being, this side the grave, at present: for I am fallen from the height of happiness to the depth of misery. Instead of heavenly Joys too great for me to bear, my heart and soul wanting to be enlarged to bear them; I now feel sorrow, horror, misery and woe, no pen can paint, no heart can conceive, and, no tongue can express, what I now feel; my life I cannot bear. What will be my fatal end? All the sufferings that I have had from 1792 to this day, are nothing to the sufferings I now feel; for I am now upon the wrack of misery, wishing for death, but cannot die, and in this state am afraid to die, fearing I should meet an angry God, that I have innocently offended,



not knowingly or designedly. But from whence came all my misery that I cannot bear? Am I my own murderer? Have I been doing wrong? And is this the way that the Lord is come to punish me? Was mine false fire? Was mine false Love? Was mine a delusion from the devil? must now be my enquiry:—For the Lord hath now hid his face from me; and the devil, with all his hellish power, has now taken possession of my soul. Who shall I reflect upon? If my sufferings are that I am wrong, being led by a wrong spirit, that is now come to shew himself in his true colors, and the horror and misery I must soon be in—then I must say, cursed men! that when I besought them, in the bitterness of my soul, they would not hear me, but do as the devil said they would, to make me believe it was the God of heaven. Then, by what arts are we all betrayed? Is there a God, must now be my enquiry? And will HE give all this power to the devil? LORD have mercy upon me! CHRIST have mercy upon me, and deliver my soul from the jaws of death, from the power of hell, from the pit of destruction; for in thee, my God, I have trusted: forsake me not in this trying hour; but let thy light shine upon me, and shew me where the error lies, which way my sufferings came. Is it for the present? Is it for the past? We are all undone: for then the whole world lies in the power of the devil. If for the present—pardon my iniquities, blot out my transgressions, in mercy, dear Lord! I pray thee, and remember them no more; for my trouble is greater than I can bear. The power of hell has taken hold of me, and there is none but a God can deliver me; for it is not all the powers on earth, that are in man, can now give me one



moment's pleasure: for, if the Lord do not deliver me, I am for ever undone. Now, I must leave all to yourselves; for my direction seemeth quite over. If they were from the devil, it is time to be over: if it be of God, HE hath hid His Face from me; and, for a moment, HE hath forsaken me. But in loving kindness I trust HE will visit me, and not destroy me for a thing I am innocent of. I am, &c.

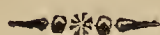
JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

—0000—

AFTER writing this letter, she begged me [Underwood] to leave her to herself, and to take with me all the knives, and every thing that she could hurt herself with; but not to go away, but stop in the adjoining room: when she went to prayers and tears, that the Lord would deliver her from her dreadful sufferings; which I did the same by her door. After a considerable time she opened the door, and her distressed looks I cannot describe. She said, she had no answer to her prayers, and we must direct ourselves: at which I cried out, we cannot direct ourselves; and there shall not another letter go out of the house, unless the LORD, in His unbounded love, mercy, and goodness, direct us, through thee. She said, she had no answer, and she could not direct us; and flung herself back in a chair, for a few minutes. It is too late to write you the particulars, though you shall have them in your next. Oh, what a day! and how the house has shook?

(Signed) JANE TOWNLEY,  
AND  
ANN UNDERWOOD.

*Here I shall go on with a continuation of Joanna's sufferings of yesterday.*



*June 13th, 1804.*

AT the time the horror of the devil was upon me, I felt I could not bear my existence: therefore I desired Mrs. Underwood to take away every knife out of the room; that, in my despairing moments, I might not lay violent hands on myself. As soon as she was gone, I fell on my knees in prayer, and could not avoid crying aloud; but could not express all with my tongue, WHAT I felt in my heart: but, finding I had no answer to my prayers, I arose, and was silent for some minutes, listening if I could hear “THE SMALL STILL VOICE OF THE LORD.” But, feeling no comfort, and hearing no answer, I opened the door, and desired Mrs. Underwood to send the letters by their own directions, as none were given to me. Mrs. Underwood, in floods of tears, said, we cannot direct ourselves; and no more letters shall go out of the house, unless the Lord, in His unbounded Love, Mercy, and Goodness, will direct us through thee. She then went and told Miss Townley, no answer was given, no more directions from the Lord. The Lord had hid his face from us, and no more letters shall go out of this house: for she felt in her heart, if the Lord would not be pleased to direct us, we would not direct ourselves. She then came back to me, and told me, that Miss Townley was upon her knees in prayer and tears, when Mrs. Underwood came back with this word. Here all were alarmed; and they would do nothing of themselves, without the directions of the Lord



Then the Light of the Lord broke in upon me; and I walked the room, in tears, speaking these words:—

“ I feel my JESUS is not gone;  
I feel my SAVIOUR will return;  
He’th hid his face, but now he’s come;—  
A tedious night shall a bright morning have:  
Then my soul shall take its old abode,  
And, cloth’d in flesh, I shall behold my God.”

My repeating these words, Underwood fell down upon her knees, to return thanks to the Lord: and, in an instant, a Spirit entered me, that took my senses; and I felt strength enough in me, as though I could crush the world to atoms. The Spirit spoke with power and fury, “ I’ll chain the rebel to his den.” I walked up and down the room, and shook the whole house; for I was not myself. I could not stop my fury; words flew too fast to utter against the power of darkness: and I felt in myself power, that I thought, if he was present, that I could tear him to pieces; and should not have feared, had there been ten thousand men and devils before me. After this power ceased, I laid myself upon the bed, to compose myself for a little while. I soon was ordered to rise and write. The first words I penned, were, “ Dear Lord! what Spirit hath been so powerful in me, this day.” I was answered, “ The shadow of the substance to come in all. The horror of hell that thou hast felt this day, some will come against thee in, by temptations—then, as a God I shall appear in thee, and cast the devils out of men by my power, as I broke in thee: but as I knew these things were too high for thee, without a veil between, I caused Foley’s illness, for thou to judge it a pleasing dream. Now I must explain that,



before I go any further. Mr. Foley's illness, with the other confusions, gave Satan the advantage over me: and, as I had written the day before that the Lord had ordained the thing concerning the book, and then to feel that horror and misery after, threw me into a dreadful state of despair. And now I shall go on, as it is spoke in verse.

“ And now I tell thee how I shall appear,  
 In much more power then they all shall see :  
 Than now, this day, I entered into thee.  
 Because, in power, I did now appear,  
 And now's the time I'll shake the earth once more.  
 And they shall find ME in the woman's form;  
 For hell shall tremble now it shall be known.  
 For now, I say, I'll chain the rebel down,  
 And men shall tremble at my every sound;  
 For every heart I shall much stronger shake,  
 Than ere thy walking in this room did make :  
 And much more fury every foe will see,  
 Than ere this day did now appear in thee.  
 And now I'll tell thee of the words I spoke—  
 When from My Silence I in thunder broke;  
 So strong within thee then I did appear—  
 I said, that hell should tremble and should fear.  
 I said, that man I surely would redeem,  
 And they should find me in the woman's form.  
 I said, no longer men should bruize my heel;  
 But now my fury it should fall on hell.  
 I said mankind should all begin, like thee,  
 For to enquire, and long the truth to see.  
 I said, my power should all in fury break :  
 I said, the devil now hath laid his net—  
 I said, that in it he should surely fall—  
 I said, My Fury now should conquer hell—  
 I said, the hearts of men I'd surely shake,  
 And many hearts like thine I'd surely make;  
 As full of horror when I do appear,  
 That they like thee would say they could not bear  
 The Agonies, I said, that they would feel,  
 When they do know they're bruising now my heel:

And then, I said, they should repent like thee;  
 I said, thy sufferings they must know and see—  
 And bring their guilt, like thee, before my view,  
 And then enquire, like thee, the truth to know;  
 Which way their guilt did lie upon their head;  
 As thou enquired'st the way thou wast betray'd.  
 I said, before me every thing should come;  
 And then I'd conquer in the woman's form.  
 I said, like thee mankind should surely break,  
 And so enquire if the Lord did speak.  
 For, now, the secret chamber doth appear,  
 Where every mystery, I said, I should clear;  
 And on the House Top this will sure be done  
 I said, in power now I'd conquer man.  
 So great in power now I would appear,  
 For men should tremble, and the devils fear;  
 For, now the tempter I'll bind to his den,  
 And so the house by thee was shaken then,  
 And so the fabric of the earth I'll shake,  
 And in ten minutes this and more I spoke—  
 For sixteen minutes they did not appear  
 After I enter'd ere I left thee here.  
 And then, to prove to thee that that was true,  
 Brought Foley's letter plain before thy view:  
 Because his life I told thee I would spare,  
 And he'd recover for to copy there,  
 The very letter I unto him sent.  
 So let thy friends observe all that is penn'd,  
 And every day and date they now must put,  
 That men may judge the manner all was wrote:  
 Or, else, I tell thee they will not appear,  
 The way thou ordered every man to swear:  
 Because that swearing they'll say thou'st forbid;  
 And now by swearing must they all proceed.  
 I tell thee, yes, MY BIBLE to fulfil,  
 And now My Covenant I tell thee still,  
 Firm as the heavenly pillars it shall stand,  
 For now's the time I'll shake both sea and land.  
 For all shall tremble, as thy friends did here,  
 And then, with joy, they'll see their Lord appear.



But in this manner should I come to man,  
 I tell them plain, My Gospel could not stand :  
 Because the Jews would all begin to say,  
 Now the Messiah's come we plain do see.  
 Ah, where's your SAVIOUR in the woman's form ?  
 These wondrous miracles for to perform :  
 Or where's the Saviour that from her was born,  
 That ever made his foes so much submit,  
 To cast their crowns and all beneath his feet ?  
 For now beneath me every soul shall fall ;  
 For hell I'll conquer, and I'll conquer all.  
 And so My Law and Gospel I'll make true ;  
 And now My Covenant bring to their view—  
 And so go on to write thy pleasing dream,  
 And in the end they'll surely see it plain ;  
 That men like Adam they are all asleep,—  
 But, when they see the woman for to break  
 Upon the serpent in her fury there  
 In words that all will tremble for to hear—  
 Thou curs'd betrayer, as thou said'st of man ;  
 But then in fury thou wilt surely come  
 Against the serpent, and in rage dispute,  
 While men will tremble, and they'll all stand mute.

JUNE 13, 1804.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.



Here follow the words that I had been writing  
 on Tuesday morning, June 12, 1804; when Miss  
 Townley and Underwood brought me Mrs. Foley's  
 letter. I shall begin at the words where I had be-  
 gun in the morning, and their names are signed.

*June 12, 1804.*

DEAR MISS TOWNLEY,

I shall now give you the  
 Communication that I had been writing on Tues-  
 day morning, June 12th, when you brought me  
 Mrs. Foley's letter, wherein it was said, that Mr.



Foley was very ill indeed—and you seemed thunderstruck at my saying I was glad of it, and desired you both to sign your names to what I had been writing; where I had began, and where I had wrote to when you came. You know I had told you how dangerously ill I had been in the night, and marvelled the people in the house had not heard me groaning. The communication is as follows.

“ As restless as thou hast been this night, which is but a shadow of what the Clergy **WILL FEEL** that have turned back thy letters; and thy confusion of this morning, is but a shadow of their confusion that have mislaid their letters. What hurry will they be in to find them? And say, as thou sayest, they must find them, or thou wilt not speak unto them. And when they have found them, they will see, they have as wrong misplaced their bibles, as thou hadst wrongly misplaced thy writings: and they will own, Townley hath found for them what they had lost, **CHRIST** in the woman, **THE HELPMATE** for man, to enter into a new covenant with man, that all the old may be done away, and all things become new: and the former shall not come into my mind; for, behold, I create all things **NEW**. And this is My New Creation,—to place the forbidden fruit in man, that hath returned their letters, refusing to accept **ME** as a helpmate in the woman. And this is my command to man: they must tell the Bishops, one and all, that any of their Ministers they may send, that can produce their letters, and own they have kept them; but those that have returned their letters, as evil, they must not send. And My Chosen Men must tell them, they will not meet **ANY MAN** to dispute with, but those that can swear, by Him

that Liveth, the letters were sent them, and they have kept them. And, if this cannot be found among the Church Clergy, let it be enquired among other Ministers: for I will make of the Church that are not of the Church, if they cannot be found in the Church. But there are **THREE** that I have reserved to myself, by sealing their names in the sealed book; that is, the Reverend Archdeacon Moore, the Reverend Chancellor Nutcombe, and the Reverend Mr. Pomeroy. Now, if these men have not had the letters sent to them, and returned them, they may have one given to them; but, if they have had one, and returned it, they shall not appear. So they must say, by Him that Liveth, every man is come according to order; "for God is a God of Order, and not of Confusion." And this is *the new Covenant* I will make with man; and that proverb shall be no more in Israel, "The Fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." But, now, 'tis the soul that sinneth shall die; for the iniquities of the Father shall no longer rest upon the Children. For **THIS IS THE NEW COVENANT** I am making with man, and I will be a Covenant-keeping God: if they do not break My Law, they shall have part in the first Resurrection, and then, of the second, death hath no power; for these are the first Redeemed upon the Earth, and their leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. And if any man add to, or take from this Covenant, he shall add to his own destruction, and have his name blotted out from the Tree of Life, to have no part in it. Now, if any man ask thee, by what authority thou hast done these things, let this be thy answer—Let them tell thee, by what authority they rejected



Christ to be the Helpmate for man in the woman, —when they say, as in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. And what they know not now, they shall know hereafter; for I am come to fulfil My Bible.”

So far had I written, when you came with Mrs. Foley’s letter; and here both your names stand (Townley and Underwood). Now do you marvel! I rejoiced at Mr. Foley’s illness; knowing, if it was not from the Lord, it was better for he and me to die, than to have this Covenant go out in the name of the Lord; as I am ordered to have it printed. If it was from the Lord, I knew Mr. Foley’s illness would be set for a clear sign for me if it was from God: if not, I had rather die. Therefore, this must be printed by Mr. Foley, with the reasons I assigned; and the answer to his sickness, with this Covenant of the Lord, that I was writing when his letter came, must now be put in print, with the answer that was given me *the same day* of his recovery, which took place before my letter could reach his hand—by the letter I received the following day: and the shadow of my rejoicing then, brought the substance to me the following day; when both wonderfully broke in upon me,—the Power of God—and the Truth of his Word—as I felt the One—and saw the Other, by Mr. Foley’s letter.

(Signed)

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.



*Thursday, June 14, 1804.*

*Dear Miss Townley,*

And now I shall direct thee how to dispute with the Learned—when a Judge of Assize comes to pass sentence on a Thief and a Murderer, for whom doth he pass that sentence? Thou answerest for the person whom the thief, or the murderer hath murdered. But suppose the Judge answer I will not cast the thief and the murderer for the sake of the person he had robbed and murdered; because he despiseth them much more than he did the murderer, or the thief—would you not call him an unjust Judge? Thou answerest, yes, he could not be fit for a Judge, having no Honor nor Justice in him; for how could he then try any Cause, if he was partial in the Law?—Then let this be laid before the Judges—And I'll proceed further—Would he not for his Honor say, though I fear not GOD, nor regard the man that was murdered; yet, I will relieve this Woman of her Adversary, lest she weary me with often coming. For, now I will bring the Cause to a man murdering a woman's husband—and the Judge refused to pass sentence on the murderer, because he had more regard for the murderer than he had for the man that was murdered:—but if the Wife is crying daily for vengeance, wearying the Judge to be avenged of her injured Husband, saying, the murderer is taken; he is bound in Prison: it is the Law of our Land; and you will not try him for murdering my Husband—you cannot try ANY murderer, for then you break that Law—And what is a Law for One, is a Law for all! And if you let that murderer go untried, by what authority could I be tried, if I murdered you in re-

venge?—Or, by what authority should another Judge condemn me? Would he not say you had broke the Law, freed the murderer, and not suffered murderers to be tried and condemned? And my love is so great for my Husband, that if I cannot be avenged of it by your trying the man that murdered him, I will find a way of revenge to murder you! What answer would this unjust Judge make, any other than this? Though I fear not GOD, nor regard the man; yet, I will avenge this Woman of her Adversary, lest she wearies me with often coming; or, seek my life in her revenge. In this manner let them dispute with men of Honor, what is a Law for one, is for all. And now I will come to the Laws of GOD. The law of GOD was to avenge the woman's adversary by My Death—but how can it be avenged by My Death, before a woman bringeth forth her cause against him. It is like a man being murdered, and the murderer let go without any Action being brought against him: as this has been done by great men, because of money the murder hath been passed over—and for want of Love in the Wife, the revenge hath not been sought after. Now, Joanna wilt thou do by Me, as the Groom's wife did, give up My death without revenge, because the Bishops are great men, when I tell thee it is impossible for the cause to be brought forward against the devil by man without the woman? for it was the woman that was betrayed by the devil, and to the woman the promise was made—and though I was murdered, My murderer was never brought to Justice, by ANY WOMAN till now; nor the author of My death. Now, if thou givest up the Cause to man, to let them to act *one step* contrary to what I have ordered thee, then thou

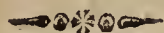


takest away My Life, as thou hast taken away  
 Townley's bounty, and thou causest Me to be mur-  
 dered twice—But I hear thy enquiry. Is the fatal  
 stroke committed by thy unfortunate hand, then  
 thou canst not live? But tremble no more:—thou  
 hast done right by my command. I know thou  
 could'st not write, if thou fearest thou hast done  
 wrong: but I tell thee it was my command, to  
 take away the one thousand; because I will have  
 the one thousand to reign in power the second  
 time, by the woman's ordering the cause to be  
 removed that caused her fall; and, to shew her  
 perfect obedience the second time, the cause is  
 brought forward by the woman. She is, the se-  
 cond time, put to the trial of her obedience.  
 Now, if thou standest in thy obedience the second  
 time, as thou hast in printing thy book, then, the  
 six thousand that are not taken away, bringeth  
 ME the second time to come in power and great  
 glory; for there is no one can hurt ME but thee:  
 and, hitherto, thou hast done all things well, for  
 ME to come the second time and reign in power.  
 And, now, in power I will reign and rule, if all  
 thy friends say, as thine said the day that is past,  
 they will not do any thing without MY direction  
 is given to thee: therefore, I hid my face from  
 thee, before they had given their answers they  
 would do nothing without ME; and then I shewed  
 THE SHADOW of My power; and, if they continue  
 to copy after these women, they shall see THE  
 SUBSTANCE of My power." Lord, save me by thy  
 power! let me not say with Peter, though all men  
 deny thee, yet will not I; and yet, afterwards, did  
 deny: but that fall would make my end more  
 fatal, and Thy honor lost. "Joanna, I answer  
 thee, I know thy fears will kill thee, if I do not

assure thee, the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee." (Signed)

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

June 14, 1804.



*Continuation of Joanna's History.*

—— "A large Crock, or Pot of Gold. And now, said he, should I be such a fool to go and tell the man, that I should dig up his French nut-tree because of my dream, and then share with me the money. The man's dream was answered, for he knew the French nut-tree was in his own garden; so he went home pleased with the journey, and in the night he began to dig, and found a large crock of gold: but being a poor man, he told the master that he worked for, that he had a friend in London who was dying, and he must go and see him, which he did, and afterwards came down all in close Mourning, saying, that his friend had given him three Hundred Pounds, and as he liked the little spot he lived in, he would buy it. So he bought his House and Garden-land for ever. Then he said he would alter his Garden, and dig up the French Nut Tree, where he found a large Chest of Gold under the Crock of Gold. He could then boldly claim it his own, and rewarded the man that told him his dream. He left a great deal to the poor when he died, and houses for them to live in.——But to return to my Father's dream—you must understand, that when my Father had this dream, he was in Getsham, fourteen miles from Heavy-tree, and my Father knew nothing of my sealing up my writings, till a month after I came to Heavy-tree, and surprized



us by saying he came in the Bishop's Carriage, at which we all laughed. He said, if he did not come in it, he rode behind it, which was true; for the Bishop had been out an airing, and his carriage overtook my father, when he ordered his coachman to stop, as he saw my father going towards Exeter, and enquired how far he was going: he said, to Heavy-tree, to Mr. Wolland's, to see his daughter; that he came from Getham. The Bishop then ordered his servant to alight from his horse, and assist my father to get up behind his carriage. My father then enquired of the servant, who the gentleman was, that he might know how to return him thanks when he alighted. The servant answered, it was the Bishop of Exeter. My father said, he was glad he asked; or else he should have thanked his Honor, instead of his Lordship. Mr. Wolland told my father, the servant only mocked him; for he thought the Bishop would not have condescended, in that manner, to have stopped his coach to take up a poor man: though that Bishop bore a most noble character, for it was Bishop Buller. When he had baffled my father about it, he said he would go to the turnpike, and know what gentleman went through at that time with his coach; the turnpike-man said, like the servant, it was the Bishop: at which we were surprised, and he surprised us with the dream that is mentioned, as we knew it was the same night I sealed up my writings. I mentioned this simple thing, as both are deeply explained to me. And now I am ordered to go on with the history of my Lovers, as they are explained also. When I was young in years, I had many Lovers: but the first I indulged the company of was NOAH BISHOP, a farmer's son in Sidmouth; as I kept house for my

brother at Sidmouth. Then, after we had been acquainted for many months, my friends began to be against my keeping company with him; as they thought another of more fortune would make me an offer, but that had no weight with me: though many people said, that Noah was a very passionate man, and would soon break my heart if I had him. Thus they plagued me for a long time: at last, I was determined to try his temper, by provoking him to anger, and upbraided him with going to another, at which he threw himself in a violent passion that astonished me; and said, he wished the tongues of the people were in hell burning. I made for answer, he might wish mine there too, if I was his wife and offended him. He said, no; it was his fervent love for me, that provoked him so much to anger with every one that set me against him: but his arguments did not prevail. I saw the fury of his anger, and soon after broke off the acquaintance; though I confess I had equal love for him, but I thought it was better once smart than always ache, and time and prudence would wear off love, by keeping my thoughts in love to My CREATOR: so I broke off my courtship. After that, they were daily wounding my ears that Noah was miserable; that he said he would as soon be dead as alive, and he was ill on my account; and, when he found he could not die, he was determined to go to sea; for he could never live to see me the wife of another. This opened every wound of my heart afresh, and kindled love stronger than ever, and I was determined to have him if he returned again; for I thought I had rather break my heart by his passions, than break my heart by my own cruelty and wound us both.



*Here follows a letter from Miss Townley and Mrs. Underwood, to the Rev. T. P. Foley.*

*Monday, June 18, 1804.*

*Reverend Sir,*

I must leave off my letter to you from our dear friend Joanna, and make some faint attempt to describe what we have been witness to this day, Monday, June 18. Miss Townley cannot hold her pen, therefore I must take it up. But I shall begin from yesterday morning, when she came down dressed in white, and said she supposed we should wonder to see her: but she took up two different colored gowns, and was told she must put on white, and wear it for three days. After that, she went up stairs to her own secret chamber: she sat down to write, but a trembling came over her, and she was ordered to put down her pen; for there her pen should drop, *except signing the Seals*. She then came down for me to write, and I began the copy of your letter of yesterday, Sunday, June 17. After I had wrote a little time she seemed in great agonies, and said I must take her key, and lock up all her books and papers, and deliver them to her brother, and see them packed up, and signed, and sealed, by her brother, Miss Townley, and me. After that was done, she went on with tolerable composure for some time; but was told, she must go through the history of her Lovers, and her Father, which seemed to give her pain; as she said, she could see the depth of the words, how they stood a type to the nation: but, at supper, she seemed cheerful; and, when she went to bed, she could not get her

gown off. I went to her assistance, and found her arms quite red, with trying to get it off; but she was told, she had put on her clothing, but could not get it off without assistance. About eleven o'clock I heard a thumping in her room, and went up to her door, where I heard her lamenting the miserable blind state man was in, through the arts of the devil. I stayed a great while at her door; but, hearing her quiet, I came away. This morning she requested both Miss Townley and me would go and copy for her. We began about her father, and she was extremely affected; but, the further she went, the greater her distress seemed: and, when she came to her Father's agonies, after his being in a passion with her, that she was worked up in such a manner she could not stand; for she had been walking the room in great agonies. While we were penning it, the power of the Lord broke in upon her soon after ten o'clock, and she continued speaking till one. Miss Townley supported her in the chair all the time, and I got pillows to lay on her lap, for I feared she would beat herself to pieces. The agony and fury she seemed to be in, made her to appear in great strength: and she stamped the floor till she made the house shake, and continued all the time an explanation of the Bible, from the parable of her Lovers and Father; where she ended and seemed composed, and said she would lie down on the bed, and desired we would leave her, and finish our letters for the post. But we had not been down ten minutes, before I heard a noise, and went up stairs and found her upon the floor: where she continued, stretched out upon her back, for an hour; saying, "he must on the ground claim the land as his own." I attempted



to get her on a mattress; but she said, our Saviour was on the ground, and so must she. Remember, this is the sixth day, My labor must be done. Here Underwood dropped her pen. I think it right to inform you, that just before the Power of the Lord came upon her, she said she was sick unto death; and, as she vomited violently, I ran down stairs for warm water, but she said she could not drink it. I then offered her wine, which she immediately drank; and said, it was now the time the vats would run over with new wine. To give a regular description of all that has passed to-day, is impossible; but, that the Lord will enable us to recollect the words she spoke, I have not the smallest doubt. I attempted to pen her words, but it was impossible they flowed so fast. Your letter I received this morning and read it to her, and she approved it all, both letter and proof sheet—and said I must send the Printed letter and proof copy to a Gentleman here, who has been twice for information; for she was told he would be the means of awakening thousands: and as soon as I had written these words I was called up stairs, and we have put her to bed—she desired us to wash her feet, which Underwood and I did, and put her on clean Linen. She said she knew not why, but we must do it—and one of us was always to set up with her. I have sent you all I can; poor soul! to see how she has bruized herself with the thumping on the Floor. She desired me to tell you, that she dreamt a few nights ago, that we put her on the night cap we did.

Adieu, &c.

JANE TOWNLEY.

*Continuation of Joanna's History.**Monday, June 18, 1804.*

This resolution I had fixed in my mind, to renew the acquaintance, if he returned again on a Sidmouth Fair-day. In the morning I met him, and he asked me if I intended to go to the Fair—I answered, yes,—so we parted: but I determined in my heart to go to the Fair on his account. And, when I came to the Fair, I met with many of my acquaintance, who pressed me to join their company, young men and maids: but I made excuses, and said, I could not; for my heart was still with him. I then met others, that pressed me the same; I made the same excuse again, that I was in pursuit of my brother, to go home, but, going up thro' the Fair, I met Noah and my brother together. He then pressed me to join him; but, for my life I could not: my hand and heart seemed as though they were bolted, and I desired my brother to go for the horse, and go home directly. My brother went away for the horse, and Noah went with us. While my brother went into the yard for the horse, Noah intreated me to go in and drink with him for old acquaintance, if I would not for new. I told him, I would not go in either for old or new; if he made as many words as there were stars in the sky, or stones in the street—but the dejection of his looks cut me to the heart: and, when I was upon the horse, I could have given my life to have been back with him in the Fair; and could scarce speak to my brother, going home: which he perceived, and said, if I was so melancholy he would carry me back again. My brother exclaimed, this



is the way of the women; you refused to go with him when he intreated you, and now you are as melancholy as he. I then spent a restless night; which was renewed the next day by a young woman of my acquaintance, who said, the hard shower of rain that came on in the evening made all the youngsters in Woolbrook go into a Public House together, and they had all their sweethearts but Noah, and her heart ached to see how miserable he appeared; and there was a young woman in the room who was just mad about him, but he took no notice of her. I then determined, if ever he spoke to me any more, my resolutions were fixed never to slight him more. The Sunday after I was going to milking in my brother's ground, and met Noah; he intreated me to let him go with me to keep up the cows, but my heart was bolted in a moment. I said, my cows wanted no keeping up, neither would I accept of his company: but I had not gone twenty yards from him, before my heart denied what my trembling lips had spoken; and I thought I would give the world for his company, and made a resolution in my mind, that I would never be such a fool any more. But, the Sunday following, he put me to the like trial, by my brother's having a beautiful Pear Tree; and the young man who was with him asked me leave to let him go in and have a few pears. Noah asked me if I would give him the same liberty: I very gravely answered NO—but Richard who was with him might carry him out some, but I would not permit him to come into the orchard. Here my heart was torn again: I thought to myself, what a stubborn creature was I, to plague myself—to plague him. I then determined to be master of my stubborn heart, as I

judged it—and thought to myself he never should try in vain—neither did he: for he fixed his resolution to go to sea, but did not go. And when a young man persuaded him to go again, and told him, if he had been accepted as Noah had, he would try again, and not give it up, for he was sure I liked him. But Noah answered, I have tried often enough, and it is always the same, and all her friends are against me; and now, if I die for her sake, I'll never try more. These words cut me to the soul: yet I admired the nobleness of his spirit, and was convinced his passion was love, when he held me so strong by my hands, that hurt my hands and wrists for many days—and said he would not let me go, before I had told my authors, who had told such lies against him. All these ponderings in my heart drew my love almost to madness, that nothing but religion could keep me in my senses. My sisters knew the state of my mind, and persuaded me to leave Sidmouth, and come back to Getsham to my father's. I answered, *No*: you may kill me, or you may drown me; but I will not leave the place where he is: I must see him, if I cannot have him. We went to Newton Fair; and I had met with an accident that day in my eye, that I was almost blind, by what they call in Devonshire a Cuckol-button getting into it. As I was going up through the orchard, in distraction of love, I ran my eye entirely against it, and they persuaded me not to go to the Fair; but I was determined to go, for I knew Noah would be there: but how was my heart torn, when I met him in the Fair, and he passed me by unnoticed. I then felt I could not bear myself, and desired my sisters to return home, who were laughing at me for saying, when I first



espied him, "there he is, there he is." As we were going home, we met his Brother Nathaniel Bishop. He asked me, what was the matter with my eye? I told him. He asked, if I could not cure it? I told him, No. Nathaniel answered, can't Noah cure it? I cried out, in madness, if he can, HE WONT: at which my sisters reproved me; and said, I had declared my love to his brother. I said, I did not care if I had; for I wished to awaken his passion to return again: for I had rather die with him than live without him. My sisters went home the next day, and told my father and mother the dreadful state I was in. My father raved in agonies; and said, my former sins are brought to my remembrance: How many women's hearts have I broken by Love! He walked the chamber, my sister said, like a madman; crying out,—now it is come home upon me: for that maid, who is the delight of my soul, is now wounded the same. In this manner my father lamented that ever he had courted a woman, and not married her, when he knew her passions of love were so strong for him: but, after he had broken the hearts of many women, he married his first wife out of pity, because he saw her upon a sick bed. What I had appointed, HE, the Lord had disappointed, concerning the remainder of this history.

(Signed)

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

AND

JANE TOWNLEY.

*A copy of a Letter of Mrs. Southcott's from  
Miss Townley to the Rev. T. P. Foley.*

June, 19, 1804.

Reverend Sir,

After thy sufferings Mrs. Southcott went through yesterday, she was obliged to be undressed and go into bed, for in her agonies fighting with the devil, she had beat herself black and blue, and was too faint and weak to set up. She then sat up in her bed, and went on with her History, that she was *ordered* to pen, particularly as the whole was explained to her. She often felt faint with dying sweats, and told us not to be alarmed, if she fainted away. Her words made us leave our pens, and go to her bed side, and see, what a fainting state she was in. After that she recovered and grew better, and told us she must go on with her History, and begged we would stay up if it was till midnight, for she must go through that day—but many things she cut so short, that you cannot understand, till you see it made more plain before you. She was so ill, that we brought another bed in the Room to sleep on the Floor, as we could not bear to leave her. Just at midnight as we had finished, and made up the bed on the floor for ourselves, as we could not bear to return and leave her that night alone by herself—She came out of the Bed, and said she would lay on the floor herself, and we should sleep in her bed. Soon after she laid on the floor, all the rage and horror of hell broke in upon her, and the devil told her, she should see her midnight hour now; for he would burst in and tear her to pieces—but



knowing the Lord would not permit him, in agonies she lay in prayer, begging the Lord would be pleased to shew His Loving Kindness to her again, for the horrors of hell were more than she could bear. We were witnesses to her sufferings and agonies and kneeled down to prayer. She then desired Underwood to go and bring her that Communication which was given on Sunday morning concerning David—While Underwood was reading it in a voice not her own, but seemed like a mild sweet voice of an Angel in a singing Tone, which she said she could not read it any other way. The devil then said to Joanna “*curse the words*”—Joanna threw herself in a Passion with the devil, and prayed the Lord to deliver her from him. Then she called for her Bible, and opened to the 52 chapter of Isaiah, and found Joy and Comfort break in upon her from the 6 verse. “Therefore My people shall know My Name—therefore they shall know in that Day, that I AM HE that doth speak, behold it is I”—Here her chains began to burst. She then opened again to the 12 chapter of Ecclesiasticus, the 12, and 13, verses struck forcibly upon her. “Who will pity a Charmer, that is bitten with a Serpent, or any Such as come nigh wild Beasts.” The latter close of the 12, lest he seek to take thy seat, and thou at the last remember my Words, and be pricked there-with.” These words were forcibly answered her.—“That none would pity her, if she gave the Serpent room to sting her:—if she gave up her Faith; as he had been tempting her:—for that serpent alluded to the devil; and their Bibles men did not understand. For every man of feeling would pity another, that was stung by a natural serpent, or fall in the way of wild

“Beasts. But she was the Charmer no man would  
 “pity—her foes would rejoice—her friends would  
 “despise her—and satan’s power would come in  
 “her stead to have the World totally lost; for  
 “the Lord cannot act but with Justice, Truth,  
 “and Honor to plead with the devil, and destroy  
 “him.” Now you see what a situation she stands  
 in; therefore, she desires her Friends to *tell all*  
 they have no proposals to make—It all must be as  
 the Lord directs her. After spending one hour in  
 misery she was comforted, though she did not feel  
 the power of the Spirit of God break in upon her,  
 as before; but she called to mind these words.  
 “The setting Sun will feel a setting stroke.” She  
 laid awake till day light came, and she refused to  
 drink wine or beer. Now I shall come to this  
 Morning Tuesday, June the 19th 1804.—“Joanna  
 “dreamt, in the morning, that the devil came to  
 “her bedside with all the horrors of hell to destroy  
 “her, she felt his hand, and broke the top of his  
 “finger.” She then dreamt that a man said, he  
 had outwitted the devil by his own craft. After  
 that she dreamt she was going to some place with  
 little Richard Foley; but going into a House she  
 left him, and went away without him:—As she  
 was walking through some beautiful Fields, she  
 recollected the dear Child was left behind,  
 and felt herself hurried and confused, and thought  
 she would make haste back to seek him; but to  
 her astonishment, she heard his cry in an adjoining  
 Field; he was crying like a mad Child, my Jan-  
 ney, my Janney. I pursued my steps with eager-  
 ness to go where I heard his cries, and to my Joy  
 and astonishment saw a Woman enter the Field  
 with the Child in her arms. I ran with eagerness  
 to embrace him; he sprang into my arms with



eagerness, and threw his Head into my bosom, as though he would have died with Joy, and I felt equal pleasure. His dear little Face was swelled with tears, and covered over with a bathing sweat.

——“ Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer—  
 As the child did then appear ;  
 Perfect so, I now do tell thee,  
 Are my sufferings for thee here.  
 But to make true, before your view  
 The Hermit in disguise ;  
 I cannot slay my rival foe  
 Before I do chastize,  
 My honor here, to prove it clear  
 That me thou hast obeyed ;  
 And then my agonies you'll hear,  
 When I do bruise his head—  
 \* And now to Foley's letter look—  
 The shadow does appear ;  
 And all shall find I Am the root,  
 That do these branches bear.  
 Now I'll go on to answer men,  
 From what is said before :  
 The agonies the Child was in,  
 Do in my heart appear.  
 The love of thine, they all will find,  
 That thou hadst for the Child :  
 But greater love in him was found,  
 Let no one here be foil'd.  
 The dream of him must now be seen,  
 Unto your Land appear ;  
 And in thy writings 't must be known,  
 I plac'd the shadow there.  
 Then in the child, when so he smil'd  
 Upon my every friend ;  
 And now you'll find, the time's at hand,  
 I shall the same descend.  
 But first they'll see, I now tell thee,

\* I had written so far, when Mr. Foley's letter came.

ME like the child appear :  
 For now I'll come to answer man  
 From what was said before—  
 And let the Noahs in your land,  
 Now like him to appear—  
 And then they'll see, the mystery,  
 A Noah must be found ;  
 And read the chapter now of he,  
 And tremble at the sound :  
 For I said there he must appear ;  
 And if you him deny,†  
 Much greater agonies you'll bear,  
 Than thou didst bear that day :  
 When thou'st complain, 'tis all in vain  
 He never will return—  
 No, no, I tell you 'tis too late,  
 For to refuse the man :—  
 A Noah here, I'll now appear,  
 And thy First Love now see :  
 Because my heart he did ensnare,  
 And gain'd the love of thee.  
 But it was I, that dwelt on high,  
 Then kept thee from that man :  
 For in the end, 'twas my intend,  
 I, in that name should stand.  
 To shew you clear, the Noahs here  
 May all turn back like he—  
 I'll try no more, the time is o'er,  
 She put me off too long :  
 I'll sooner see my misery,  
 Than e'er turn back again.  
 Then Noah's flood, the deluge stood,  
 And Noahs you'll become,  
 To perish in the every-flood,  
 If you will not return.  
 Because that here the Type appears,  
 Her heart you plain do see,  
 How strong in love her passions were,  
 And so 'tis now by me.—  
 For I Am come the Lover strong,  
 Of all the human race :

† The 54th chapter of Isaiah, and 9th verse.



That do not do, as thou hast done  
 Thy Lover to disgrace,  
 I say with lies ; let men grow wise—  
 I'll place it every way :  
 Because My Bible you may see,  
 For here the Type doth lay ;  
 Now in these two, brought to your view,  
 A Noah to be plac'd ;  
 But when the husband is the Lord—  
 Look deep, ye fallen race,  
 How it should come so plain to man,  
 And these Two Lovers see :  
 But he the Bridegroom could not stand,  
 My Bible saith 'tis ME,  
 That must appear the Bridgroom here,  
 When Noah's flood do come :  
 Then see how love did both ensnare,  
 To drown the eyes of them.  
 Because in thee I oft did see  
 Thy eyes in floods of tears :  
 And just the same I know in he,  
 When he in deep despair ;  
 Did say no more he'd not appear,  
 If he died for thy sake—  
 Then now, you Noahs all take care  
 Like him you do not break :  
 For if you do, I tell you true  
 My Love will all be gone ;  
 And bring the whole unto thy view,  
 How cold thy heart is come  
 Unto the man that here doth stand ;  
 And I shall stand the same :  
 If men do say, like he that day,  
 They'd sooner die, than turn :—  
 Then sure thy pride must be appli'd ;  
 For I shall leave them all :  
 But if they now return to ME,  
 My heart like thine shall fall ;  
 Inflam'd with love they now shall prove  
 Their SAVIOUR to appear :  
 Because in he you all shall see,  
 I AM the Noah there.—

The Root and Offspring to appear,  
 Then let the Branches come :  
 And let their love like your's to prove—  
 And then the earth you'll see  
 In every blessing to abound,  
 In love and harmony.  
 But it was I, that dwell on High,  
 Did then ordain that stroke :  
 To shew My Bible plain that way,  
 How Noah's love was broke—  
 But here the man I'll not condemn,  
 'Twas I that bolt'd the door ;  
 Because My Bible I'd make plain,  
 And prove a Noah there  
 Did first incline thy heart and mind,  
 To feel thy passions strong :—  
 But in that chapter all shall find  
 Thy husband he must come :  
 A widow here thou didst appear  
 Forsaken then by He ;  
 And know the man reject'd thy hand ;  
 Then now the mystery see—  
 The thing is plain, if learned men  
 Could weigh the matter deep.  
 Such thing I never would ordain'd  
 To make the likeness break ;  
 To shew the man, that in him stand,  
 A Noah then by name,  
 Who did reject thy every hand  
 When heart-felt love inflam'd :  
 And thou the same, I know thy name  
 When Love did thee ensnare :  
 But it was I that dwelt on high  
 Prevented th' union there.  
 Because to all I'd prove the call,  
 'Tis like My Bible plac'd ;  
 And now's the time I'll prove to all,  
 Your MAKER so shall burst.  
 For Noah's flood in love both stood,  
 And floods of tears came on ;  
 And now I tell you for your good,  
 I'll bring it so to man.



But do not say, like him that day,  
It shall be in despair  
If they will all turn back to ME,  
My hand and heart they'll share."

(Signed)

JANE TOWNLEY.

*A Letter from Miss Townley (being a copy of  
Joanna Southcott's) to the Rev. T. P. Foley.*

*Reverend Sir,*

Joanna being weak and faint with the fatigue of the sixth day, laid down on the bed for some hours, while I was finishing your letter; but she awoke with a most beautiful and heavenly dream, though she could not recollect it; but it seemed to be with the power of GOD breaking in strong upon her. Here I will Rest from My Labor. All Old things shall be done away; and all things shall become New. No longer shall My Spirit strive with man, but I will destroy man whom I have created, that will not enter into the New Covenant with Me: for now My Delight shall be with the Sons of men, that enquire what the LORD hath said, and what HE hath spoken concerning them; and they shall be MINE in the day that I make up My Jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own Son that serveth him. For now, I will wound, and I will heal; I will kill, and I will make alive; I will cast down, and I will raise up; for, a quick work will the LORD do upon the Earth. And my new covenant shall stand with man; and whosoever will enter into it, let him seek ME, and he shall find ME: let them call

upon ME, and I AM ready to answer. I AM HE that created all things; that filleth the Heavens with MY Majesty—that filleth the Earth with My Goodness—and that filleth hell with My terrors. And now the Heavens shall be filled with My Majesty—the Earth shall be filled with My Goodness—and hell shall be filled with My Terrors. For now, I will break out on the Right hand, and on the Left: I will kill and destroy at once: My Anger is kindled—My fury shall go forth—and My Loving-kindness shall save to the utmost all them that now come unto ME. For I have placed the Chapter before You, and they shall know Thou art the Woman; a Widow in thy Youth and forsaken; grieved in spirit and rejected by man, and refused. But I call thee as a Woman forsaken, and his name (Noah) stands as a Type unto you all: for as the floods of Love where in you Two, so are the floods of My Love coming to Man: for in rest and peace, ye shall possess your souls, after I have brought My Mighty work to pass. I know thy heart trembleth, and all thy bones shake: you are serving the LORD with fear and trembling, but soon shalt thou come into My presence with thanksgiving, and enter into My Courts with Praise. Awake, awake, O Zion, put on thy beautiful Garments, O Jerusalem; for the day of the LORD is at hand, that HE hath visited and will redeem his people. I have visited by My Spirit; and now will I redeem by My power. I will no longer bow down to man, but unto My Name shall all men bow; and unto Me shall all men swear, that they will be taught of Me, from the greatest to the least. Bring forth your arguments, O ye stout-hearted; plead your cause ye that boast of Learning. Where is your God whom



you have forsaken? Where are your Bibles which  
 you have neglected? Have I not said it, and shall  
 I not do it? Shall men set all my Councils at  
 nought, and say they are wiser than their MAKER?  
 Shall the Clay contend with the Potter? Shall he  
 that is formed say unto him that formed him, what  
 doest Thou? I AM GOD, there is none besides  
 ME: My Honor I will not give unto an-  
 other; neither My Praise to the Sons of men.  
 Their Wisdom shall not save them: and their  
 Counsels I will bring to nought: for the Wisdom  
 of the wise men *shall perish*: and the Understand-  
 ings of the prudent *shall* be hid. But now will I  
 gather him that halteth; for I have led them by  
 a way they know not, and in by-paths they did  
 not understand. But now will I make crooked  
 paths straight before them: for now will I unveil  
 the mysteries unto them: they are the Abrahams,  
 and the seed of Abraham, and like Abraham they  
 have gone on, inviting men to come forward—  
 binding the Cords upon the Altar: but now the  
 Cords are broken; My Isaacs shall be unbound:  
 no longer shall they invite men: no longer shall  
 they entreat them:—but they shall stand *valiantly*  
*in their faith*—and wait till men shall invite them:  
 wait till men shall entreat them—to let them stand  
 the Trial, that they may see the NEW CREA-  
 TED BEING—that they may see the NEW  
 COVENANT that is making with man, and  
 know that the Mouth of the LORD hath spoken  
 it, that they may enter into a NEW COVENANT  
 with Him, before they call upon the Rocks and  
 Mountains to cover them—for they shall find I  
 will go forth with Fury, and None shall stay My  
 Hand. I will break down the pride of the Lofty,  
 and I will exalt the Spirit of the Meek; for the

meek man is bowed down, and the humble man is despised in his humility, and for a moment I have hid My Face from them. For now will I reason together with man; though their sins are as scarlet, I'll make them as wool; though they are as Crimson, I'll make them as snow. For now will I create all things NEW. For now he that hath spoiled and was not spoiled: he that hath dealt treacherously, and no man dealt treacherously with him: but now his time is over of dealing treacherously; and they shall not deal treacherously with him; (*Isaiah the 33 chapter,*) Hear, and hearken, ye sons of men, who is the man that deals treacherously with him. Who is the man that hath spoiled, and no man sought to spoil him? Open Your eyes ye blind: unstop your ears ye deaf and discern My Words that I spake unto You, that My Wisdom was hid in the great deep, and My Paths past man's finding out. Satan hath dealt treacherously, and no man hath dealt treacherously with him: satan hath spoiled; but no man hath spoiled him—but now he hath made an end of dealing treacherously, for his treachery can go no further. My Sons and Daughters have been bound with Cords of the Altar, as Isaac was bound—But now the Ram shall be caught in the thicket, and all My Isaacs shall be unbound; and now shall they deal treacherously with the devil; for now the Lord shall be gracious unto them. They have waited for me every morning, and they shall see the salvation of their God. When they pass through the waters, I will be with them; and, in the floods, it shall not drown them: for they are created NOW, and not from the beginning; even before the day when thou heardest them not, lest thou shouldest say, Behold, I knew them.



Isaiah 48th chapter, 7th verse. O ye sons of men that boast of wisdom, and ye learned, that boast of learning, how do you understand my Bible? Have I not said, I should shew you NEW THINGS, and HIDDEN THINGS, that you did not know? Then now let your GOD be true. and every man a liar, that says, he can find out by learning, what are MY HIDDEN MYSTERIES in the Bible, when I have concealed them from Men and Angels—Angels could not look into the depth of My Decrees—Then where are ye vain boasting men, whose Breath is in your nostrils and whom I pronounced dead to knowledge? Shall I come and contend with men and devils, with the Bible I cannot clear? Let the wise men contend with the wise men—and let them contend with a Fool that is brayed in a Mortar, and see if he will not contain his Folly, till I can make my Bible as plain before him, that a Fool, though a way-faring man may not err therein. Where is the man that by searching can find out his GOD? Who can find out the ALMIGHTY to perfection? Shall I come in power, and not come in honor? How did satan upbraid ME concerning Job? How did satan upbraid me in the flesh, when he said I should cast MYSELF down from the Temple; for “it is written I should give My Angels Charge concerning Him.”? Then how shall I contend with satan?—To be a God of Confusion, and not of order? Have not Kings order in their Wars? Do they not produce THEIR CAUSE before they break out in a War, that they may shew a just cause for it? Or, how would the enemy upbraid them, and say, that they had dealt treacherously with them? They were not spoiling, but man

wished to spoil them. Then how can a King appear in such a War? Would not his Enemies despise him, when he could shew no just cause for what he had done? Would not his Subjects be ready to forsake him, and say, that he had called them out to battle against an enemy which had not offended them? Where was their love and courage to fight for their King, whom they found all the Fault in, and saw none in the enemy they were going to war against, but their lives were slaughtered for nought? Judge the cause ye learned; open your eyes, ye prudent, and see that I cannot cast down your adversary, the devil, that is as a roaring Lion seeking whom he may devour. (But how could I keep him from his prey, before I had made the Partition Wall strong against him?)—Before I had proved My cause to be just; that I had said unto him, as unto the proud waves of the Sea, “hitherto shalt thou go, and no further.” Then as a KING I can contain My honor. I sat bounds for man in the Creation, and thou Temptest man to break them.—And now I have sat bounds for thee, the same. Now see the Creation stand before thee dead to knowledge, as I had pronounced them. See the Woman I created for man’s good stand before me in perfect obedience.—Tuesday 19, of June, *here ends the seventh day.*

Joanna was now too weak, faint, and trembling to stay up longer. She could taste nothing for supper but a small piece of tart: her appetite is quite gone from tea, and she can drink nothing but camomile tea. She was often sick as death, on Tuesday; bringing up water. The Tuesday night she awoke at midnight, full of the strength of the power of the Lord, in her pleading all his



sufferings for man, and all the mockery that he bore for man. Townley and Underwood slept in the next room. Underwood awoke; and heard Joanna very loud, talking and thumping the bed. She called Townley, and then went directly into her room, and Townley followed as quick as she could, and found her full of the spirit of the Lord: it continued till one o'clock, expressing the agonies which he bore for man, and the shameful reproach he had been treated with by man. The names they had called him, were then repeated by her; and so she said the mid-night hour would break for man, when HE came in fury to his enemies—in Love to his friends. The heavenly words flowed too fast to be penned, or to be recollected, all of them: but she said, “Tell My disciples, “the women visited me first; and here the women appear. Mary, do not weep; rejoice in “in the GOD of your salvation; enter into the “joy of your LORD: I will call My Sons and “Daughters from afar; I will enlarge my borders: “I will strengthen my stakes; I will break out “upon the Right, and on the Left: ALL NA- “TIONS shall drink the cup of My Fury.”—Repeating these words, she said, she felt full of Power and Strength of the LORD. You my friends have nought to fear; but England, Oh! England how have you slighted my warnings? How have you despised my Invitations? How have you set at nought all my Counsels? But turn unto ME, and I will turn unto You. This is the shadow of the mid-night hour? for in that manner HE will break with power and fury upon His Enemies, and set all THEIR MOCKERY before them. Tremble, ye Jews—“Mourn, ye Gentiles; for the

day of the LORD is at hand:—the day of the  
LORD is nigh at hand.”

“ For so the midnight hour will burst for all,  
And men and devils tremble at the call.  
For, now, the mystery I’ll explain to thee—  
I brought then on the War for men to see:  
And then I left thee at that very time,  
And made the weak; and weak they all will find  
The trembling Nations to before me stand;  
When I do come to conquer Sea and Land:  
I’ll lay before them ALL that I did bear;  
I’ll make the Jews to tremble, and to fear;  
For all their mock’ry I will then turn back,  
And they shall know the way they all did mock:  
Because my hand shall not be shorten’d then;  
I’ll conquer devils, and I’ll plead with men:  
For in the Vallies now I’ll bring them low,  
And weak as thee, the Nations all shall know  
They shall in weakness, and in trembling stand;  
But mark the Spirit—and thy strength command—  
How full of Strength THAT HOUR thou didst appear,  
No Men or devils, thou THAT TIME couldst’t fear:—  
Then here’s the warning to My Brethren dear,  
That by the Woman I so bid them send,  
To My Disciples to tell them in the end,  
They’ll find My Spirit so strong in them to burst—  
For hell I’ll conquer; and I have conquer’d First,  
To build a Wall I told you for the war;  
I know the roaring Lion does appear  
Against My Friends, that wish My Kingdom here—  
Therefore THE WALL I made it BY THE SEAL  
Against the devil; now for to prevail  
Against his fury, I shall now go on:  
Because My Wall he now is breaking down.  
Then here’s A WAR I tell you all IS JUST;  
For I shall conquer as I told you first.  
And now My Warriors let them to go on,  
Tho’ weak in nature, but they’ll find ME strong—  
Strong to deliver I shall now appear,  
And strong to conquer you shall find ME here.  
And now my foes I’ll make them to comply,  
And they SHALL know the midnight hour draws nigh.  
And now the mystery I shall here explain,  
It is to bring the likeness of thy dream,



That I did shew thee then in ninety-two;  
 When all the Evil-Fruit before thy view,  
 I said 'twas fallen: black the veil within,  
 Then to thy view a room was surely seen  
 Where was a bed, and did thy GOD appear,  
 Who rose and told thee, He was waken'd there;  
 And thou didst stand His Answers for to hear.  
 And now, My Sisters, you the Likeness see,  
 How from the Bed My Spirit doth appear,  
 To warn you all, the Fruit is fallen here.  
 And now in ranks the good-Fruit they may stand;  
 'Tis but as trees things have been seen by man:  
 Because the mysteries you did ne'er discern;  
 The way or manner I to you did warn;  
 And all as water you have surely been,  
 To think your God would ALWAYS thus contend  
 With Dust and Ashes, if they'd not comply  
 Unto thy words, I now will answer here,  
 I made thee ill, the every truth to clear;  
 That from the bed I do reveal My will,  
 And now the stubborn hearts of men I'll chill.  
 And now the cause in hand I'll surely take,  
 And all the fabric of the earth I'll shake:  
 And all the strong men I'll bring weak as thee,  
 And then their boasting let them for to see—  
 How by their conduct they insult their God;  
 Then now unto the Kings I shall allude—  
 Could I with Satan now in rage begin  
 To kindle war with such vain, ignorant men?  
 Then, like the King that I did name before,  
 I tell you all, I must come IN THIS WAR;  
 For men against Me surely now they're found;  
 Then how can Satan tremble at My sound  
 Without a friend My Honor to support?  
 I tell you plain you do My Honor hurt;  
 Weak as this woman they do now appear:  
 So weak are men in judgment, I see clear—  
 And no more strength have they now got to stand,  
 Than thou hast got to conquer sea and land,  
 Without My power for to carry thee through—  
 Thy trembling nature thou dost feel and know;  
 Because thy strength and appetite is gone,  
 And so I tell thee are the sons of men:—  
 Their strength of wisdom it shall all fall down,  
 As on the bed thou'rt now in weakness found:

And all their appetites shall go the same,  
 Unless the GOOD FRUIT do their hearts inflame—  
 And then, I say, I'll raise them up again.  
 If for the good fruit they do but complain;  
 And list'ning wait, "MY STILL VOICE FOR  
 TO HEAR,"

I'll give them strength, and raise them up once more:  
 Because I tell thee I shall raise thee up;—  
 Thou need'st not fear—thou'lt hear My voice and hope,  
 That greater wonders now I shall go through;—  
 And greater Mysteries bring before thy view.  
 And from thy Father I shall now appear;  
 'Tis but the Owls that did thee frighten here:  
 Because their fruit it surely now must fall,  
 'Twas but a shadow thou didst hear of hell."

The meaning of this is, when I was laid on the floor the seventh day, the horrors of satan came in upon me, and told me if I would not give up my confidence in CHRIST I should see the mid-night hour to burst upon me with his coming in with all his hellish Host, for he had got them at the door. I told him I knew the LORD would not let them come in with him. The devil upbraided me, and said, I was to dispute with him. I said yes, but not before two simple Women, and he was ever a coward; and a coward he wanted to appear. But I knew the Mercies of GOD would not let him appear; and so I got rid of him as before-mentioned. But this morning at nine o'clock I was just got into a Dose, I felt him come upon me almost to stifle me: but I thought to myself, if I must die in these agonies, I have done the Will of the LORD, and I feel a happy and peaceable Conscience. I began to pray that the LORD would deliver me, and I groaned aloud, and he left me, as Townley and Underwood entered my Room, which I was glad to see—and I asked them why they did not



come sooner, as they must have heard me groan ;  
 but they said they did not, till just before they  
 opened the door, though they came at nine  
 o'clock as they were ordered, for they were for-  
 bid coming before.



“ ——— Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer.  
 As the Fable doth appear ;  
 Now I tell thee, like thy Father,  
 'Twas the Owls that frighten'd there ;  
 And Owls-they be, they all shall see,  
 And out they all shall fly ;  
 And so the fruit they shall let fall,  
 I'll burst the light to thee.  
 The clouds I'll break, for now I speak  
 A GOD IN POWER DIVINE :  
 And thou shalt see what frighten'd thee,  
 And know it at that time  
 When thou'st come home, before my throne,  
 Then every thing thou'lt know ;  
 The way the shadows did deceive,  
 And thou wert frighten'd so.  
 But know no harm did thee alarm,  
 And none to thee shall come—  
 Could satan be such ignorant fool  
 To think I'd e'er let him  
 Approach thee here? in person appear,  
 When all I have forbid ?  
 No men, nor devils, to appear  
 Before thee to proceed ;  
 But well I know his rage is so,  
 Such coward he would come ;  
 If I his chain should e'er let go,  
 Then hell should be his doom ;  
 Never to free from misery,  
 If he that way could break ;  
 But he shall find there's power in ME,—  
 Thy Father now do speak—  
 And do not blame, nor will I shame  
 Thy weakness at *that time*  
 When thou dost fear ; I tell thee here  
 His footsteps close behind.

Then fear no more, for now the doors  
 Are open'd wide for all;  
 And now the Clouds I'll surely burst,  
 And down the Fruit shall fall;  
 That in his mouth he now have got,  
 The doors are open'd wide  
 And every Gate *I* will unlock,  
 To shew the *faithful Bride*.  
 Now I'll go on from every man,  
 And Noah they must see:  
 How he reject'd thy every hand,  
 When so provok'd by thee—  
 Then there the man—the Name doth stand  
 To make my Bible clear;  
 And let the Learned all command,  
 And tell how't happen'd here;  
 That this should come to make it strong,  
 So perfect like my word—  
 And from my bible I'll go on,  
 And prove, a Noah's flood  
 Will be in man; their fears will come  
 Like Noah's heart, and thine—  
 And then their Tears to Joy shall turn,  
 I say—to Joys *Divine*.—  
 As 'tis with thee the end will be,  
 Where Love do make thee smart,  
 There's neither one in misery;—  
 For know, a Noah's heart  
 Inflam'd again; his heart did come,  
 As it was at the First;  
 Thou heard'st him say he lov'd her name,  
 And so the end shall burst,  
 To every one that now do come  
 In perfect love to ME:  
 They'll find My Name to be *the same*,  
 A Noah's love they'll see,  
 Is not confin'd in heart and mind—  
 He never could love more;  
 As he at first seem'd then inclined;—  
 And here's another door  
 I shall unlock, and mark the stroke,  
 The words were spok'n by thee;  
 When thou his heart had surely got,  
 His Anne thou then did'st see;  
 And told him then, His wife was come,  
 The woman he should have.



But mark how he did her despise,  
 And said he'd never give  
 His hand to she, 'twas known to thee,  
 But yet it so did turn;  
 That afterwards his love was there,  
 The same for her did burn  
 So now to all, it so will fall,  
 Like Noah's love and thine;  
 That do *believe* this every call,  
 Is from your GOD DIVINE. —  
 But if too late the door be shut,  
 Like Rigsby to appear;  
 She's gone, she's gone, now *I* am come,  
 And cannot enter here;  
 Because my ways she did despise  
 It was well known to me:  
 The woman he had slain before,  
 The truth they all must see.  
 For thou'st kept back the fatal stroke,  
 That made thee hate the Man. —  
 The poison he had bought before,  
 And gave it to her hand —  
 And so she did die, was then their cry,  
 By his cur'st hand betray'd;  
 Therefore no devil thou didst say,  
 Should ever be thy head.  
 Wedded to sin, the man had been,  
 A child of hell become —  
 And now the TRUTH thou must declare,  
 And tell the Woman's doom —  
 How she with child, by him beguil'd,  
 And then the shame to Miss;  
 He bought the poison then for her,  
 But *I* shall answer this —  
 Savine you know is an herb doth grow  
 And there the poison laid;  
 He said the Child's life it would take  
 And there she was betray'd;  
 Because her own, he told her then,  
 Her life 't could never hurt;  
 'Twas but the Child that would be slain,  
 Her honor to support.  
 So here's the man like satan came,  
 the Woman to betray;  
 And afterwards thy Lover came  
 Satan hath act'd that way;

For close to thee he oft does flee  
 By every art appear——  
 And in thy writings all may see  
 Profess'd thy lover there ;  
 Till rage in thee, the same to be,  
 As from the former place—  
 Now mark the man how he does stand,  
 An artful foe to burst;—  
 First to betray, and then to say,  
 Her honor he'd secure ;  
 He laid his pois'nous darts that way,  
 And made her murder sure.  
 And now to thee the same he'd flee,  
 If he thy hand could gain,  
 The Children all *dead born must be*,  
 The Mother must be slain ;  
 If I'd not one in love too strong,  
 That hat'th My rival foe ;  
 And soon he'll see the woman's gone,  
 Where he can never go—  
 Then he'll appear, *I* am foil'd here,  
*I* never shall her see ;  
 By any arts for to ensnare,  
 She's gone, She's gone from me.  
 And for my love he now may prove  
 She hath disgraced the whole ;  
 My honor now is gone that way,  
 Oh ! Rigsby's passions fall !  
 If he did see the lines from thee,  
 How him thou hast disgrac'd ;  
 He'd curse the day he came to thee,  
 Thy hand for to embrace :  
 Conceal'd before did all appear,  
 And vengeance *I* did miss ;  
 But now my guilt doth all appear ;  
 What woman brought round this ?  
 Is it from one where *I* did come  
 In love and passions burn ;  
 And was the malice in her heart,  
 To think of what *I*'d done ?  
 Could she not bear, my guilt was there,  
 Her Sex for to betray ?  
*I* knew her hatred did appear ;  
 But did not know that way,  
 She so did hate, in rage so great



My face she would not see ;  
 But as a man can *I* now stand  
 To turn my rage on she ?  
 No ! conscience here must now appear,  
 Tis Heaven has me betray'd ;  
 My conscious guilt *I* cannot bear,  
 For now 'tis o'er my head.  
 Conceal'd so long by what *I'd* done,  
*I* thought it all would die ;  
 But now the vengeance it is come,  
 Will be the Sinner's cry.—  
 —Then now let hell the same to swell,  
 And cry he's guilty here ;  
 My murder was concealed so long,  
 The way *I* did appear,  
 In arts at first *I* so did burst,  
 The Mother and the Child ;—  
*I* both did kill by arts from hell ;—  
 And then thought to beguile  
 The bride the same to her *I* came  
 By arts and passions strong ;  
 And every way *I* then did try,  
 To hold her by the hand ;  
 But't would not do, *I* well do know,  
 For all my arts did miss—  
*I'll* bring the person to my view,  
 For so *I'll* bring round this.—  
 The Child at first, by arts that burst,  
 He surely was struck dead—  
 And now the same, behold the name,  
 The Woman so is led ;  
 For dead to all, now in this Call  
 He hath the Woman slain,  
 And then he thought to conquer all,  
 And gain the heart of thine.  
 But there in vain he surely came,  
 His deeds do now appear ;  
 In words from hell, how he did swell,  
 As Rigsby's arts did there !  
 So now the two before their view,  
 In print their deeds are seen ;  
 Thy Father's Words bring to thy view,  
 And blot them out again :  
 Because that there, they must appear,  
 As men *unlik'd* by thee ;  
 As neither one thy heart can share—

'Tis *ALL* gave up to *ME*.  
 And now I'll come in words so strong ;  
 Thy Father said before  
 His former sins to him were come,  
 When thy grief did appear ;  
 How many womens' hearts he'd broke ?  
 And *I* may say the same !  
 Because in love for him they dropp'd ;—  
 The martyrs did appear  
 Then in the flames, for *ME* they came,  
 It was for love they stood—  
 And 'tis for love, *I* now shall prove,  
*All* this *I* now allude ;  
 Because that here thou dost appear  
 A suffering Child for *ME*—  
 And now the past *I* mean to clear,  
 Thy Father's passion see—  
 How *all* was plac'd when he did burst  
 In grief he could nor bear ;  
 His former sins he said were plac'd,  
 And then his heart did tear,  
 To think that one his Child's become  
 To feel the fatal smart ;  
 What he before by love had done,  
 And broke the Womens' hearts.—  
 Then now my sins were said by him,  
 To my remembrance come ;  
 And now the same, I say to men,  
 My Bible you discern ;  
 The guilt of *All* on me did *fall*,  
 They plac'd the sin there first ;  
 And so my Lovers I see *all*,  
 In sufferings have been cast.  
 Now *all* together you must bring,  
 And place before your view ;  
 And then thy Father's Love they'll see,  
 The Likeness to be true—  
 That I the same in Love *AM* come,  
 To see what Guilt I bore ;  
 It was to free the *FALL* of men  
 I did *THAT WAY* appear ;  
 And so to man I then did come,  
 My Lovers then were cast ;—  
 In broken hearts, they died for *ME* ;—  
 Or, cruel torments burst.  
*All* this for 'ME, I plainly see



It had been done before;  
 And with thy Father't will agree;  
 For no man can appear,  
 To prove My Bible so don't stand,  
 Without the Marriage here."

(Signed)

JANE TOWNLEY.



*To the Same,*

*Thursday Afternoon, June 21, 1804.*

*Reverend Sir,*

As soon as we had finished our Letters for one Post to send to Mr. Sharp in London, THE DAY being ordered by the Spirit for us to do so; the following day we are ordered to take up our pens to write to you: so that you cannot have a clear and regular account, as you have had already, nor Mr. Sharp either—for, *the true knowledge* is concealed from you Both before the Books are out of the Press: and just so stands all mankind—that know not the way "He treadeth the wine-press of his Father's wrath: nor, what vengeance was in His Heat;—no more than you know what letters are sent to Mr. Sharp; or Mr. Sharp know the letters that are now sent to you; so you must draw your own judgments, as you can, before you see *both the books together*, and the Forbidden Fruit is placed before you; for you must not write one Communication of mine to Mr. Sharp, but you may write any to Leeds.

Joanna has been confined to her Bed ever since Tuesday night, but though the LORD hath cast her down, HE has promised to raise her up; but she is able to set up in her bed, and deliver to us

the words of The Lord, that are spoken to her. But she feels the anger of the Lord is greatly kindled, and soon they will see Him break forth in fury; for they have refused *the promise*, that was made to man in Creation; and they have refused *the promises* that were LAST made to man in their Redemption. But now I shall put all things plain before you, and I will make them as naked as thou art in thy Bed, and they shall find they have no more wisdom, no more understanding, no more knowledge of My Word, than thou hast clothing upon thee—which from the heat of thy Fever thou hast none, having thrown the Bed-clothes from thee. And so shall the heat of My Fury make them lay down in the dust, as weak as thou art:—and I will strip them of all their Clothing—I will strip them of all their Wisdom; for I am as sick of their Wisdom, as thou hast been of thy Tea; and I will spue them out of my mouth, as thou hast spued out thy Tea—and I will give them Bitters to drink, as thou art drinking now.—To have this be understood, the agitation of the Spirit Joanna has been in the last seven days, has brought her weak, and faint, and so sick, that she cannot drink her Tea, but brings it up again, and is obliged to drink Camomile Tea, which she cannot bear. For I am sick of their Wisdom, and I shall make them sick of MINE: for the Cup of My Fury is kindled against them, and My heart is hot within Me: they shall feel the Hand of the Lord heavy upon them, as heavy as thou feelest My Hand, when thou groanest under it, and said, thou should'st die, and prayed to be delivered from the power of the devil, for at that time thou so judged ME.



—“ And now the nation shall the Likeness see—  
 Because at first thou felt'st the Hand of God,  
 So heavy on thee pressing with such Load;  
 That thou said'st satan surely must be there;  
 Thou felt'st the hand under thy neck appear'd,  
 And then thy body it was pressed so,  
 That thou wast dying, thou didst judge, I know;—  
 But rest and peace within thee thou didst find,  
 And now I'll perfect tell My every mind—  
 It was the Parables in all to clear,  
 That in like manner I did press thee there;  
 To prove the Likeness now in all was true,  
 The rage of hell that night before I knew  
 Was close upon thee; thou didst feel his power,  
 And then thou know'st I told thee of an hour,  
 That thou should'st wake to see the Lord appear;  
 And much like Osmyn I did then come there,  
 And think what Agonies that she did bear;  
 When Osmyn held her by the trembling hand,  
 And shew'd the picture; judge how she must stand,  
 With heart oppress'd, and much more grief than thine;  
 Because that sweetness in thy heart thou'st find;  
 And all that sweetness thou shalt find in ME—  
 Conscience at peace, and all thy guilt I'll free;  
 Because thy weakness I will never blame—  
 Thy doubts and fears shall only put to shame.  
 THE BOASTED CONFIDENCE that is in man;  
 When they'd no footing in the least to stand,—  
 If that My Bible they did e'er discern;  
 Their jealousy, like thine, must them alarm:  
 And say, they fear THE WOMAN may BE TRUE;  
 And bring our Bibles plain before our view.  
 For, if the second Adam must appear,  
 We know the LAMB's wife, she is mention'd there;  
 She must be ready for to stand the Bride,  
 And now avenge the Cause where first it laid;  
 And see the vengeance that was in My heart,  
 To have the woman to avenge her dart  
 Upon the serpent, that did bruise My heel:  
 Because by arts he've surely stung the whole—  
 And now the enmity in man do fall;

Against the woman's seed they now are come;  
 But from thy lovers I shall here go on—  
 Remember him that told thee of his store,  
 He'd gold enough for both, he'd want no more—  
 Then now on John I surely here will lean,  
 A shadow deep, that I shall now explain;—  
 He wished to wed before the time was up;  
 But know thou told'st him so it would not drop—  
 And now I tell thee thou hast wish'd the same,  
 To wish the marriage ere the time was come.  
 But know I told thee this could never be;  
 In MY APPOINTED TIME the Truth thou'lt see:  
 And now I tell thee My appointed time  
 Is for the present, every soul shall find;  
 Or else the ending they'll all find like John—  
 The part the journey he with thee did come,  
 And then the journey he did take no more;—  
 Because that night I bolt'd the every door:—  
 When thou before My Throne did'st so complain,  
 And wish'd an interest in my heart to gain—  
 Then know the answer that I then gave thee;  
 That a new heart in thee should surely be;  
 And on it there I'd build my every law,  
 And put My Spirit there the fools shall know,  
 That by a woman thus 'twas never done:  
 Then the Creation by her you must plan,  
 If you do place it to a Woman here;  
 Or to the devil now, you Fools take care—  
 For now My Folly shall begin to break,  
 And from the Mid-night hour My wisdom speak—  
 But from the Mid-night hour I'll first appear,  
 When Peter West thy heart did so ensnare;  
 And told thee then how deeply he did love,  
 And thou the shadow in thy heart did prove,  
 And know at Mid-night that you two did part.—  
 And know at Mid-night thou didst feel the dart,  
 That was of Love to kindle in thy breast,  
 And the war within thy heart did burst:  
 Thy foolish heart was wandering then from Me,  
 Let it not wander was the prayer of thee;  
 Unless thy Husband I did him design,  
 And from thyself thou then did'st fix the time,



That I before had kindled in thy breast ;  
 And so My Peter's every one was cast :  
 Because that Peter he did ME deny,  
 And so My bride have turn'd it back that way,  
 For all the Peter's she denied the same—  
 Men fled from Me—and thou hast fled the same,  
 To turn it back that way by every man—  
 For mark, when Peter did again return,  
 That had deny'd, as I had fix'd the mark,  
 And know the time, and bring the every spark  
 That was of love, kindl'd again in he ;  
 But then thy answer let them all to see—  
 —“ If he was better to them he might go,  
 Thou would never waste his love, thou told'st him so,  
 To hurt himself, and back to thee to come,  
 If he was *great* ; thou told'st him thou wast *grand*.”  
 And now I tell them, grand I will appear ;  
 And all My boasting Peters tell them here  
 Unto the skies they've swell'd their wisdom high—  
 And now I tell them they'll fall back this way :  
 Because the upright man thou can'st not find,  
 For to seek out their SAVIOUR's heart and mind ;  
 Unless the Noahs they do all appear,  
 And say we'll turn and try her heart once more ;—  
 Before by Noah sure the thing was done—  
 I tell them plain thy History must go on ;—  
 In every truth thy History must appear ;  
 Because the Likeness I'll in all compare,  
 You know at first how that you two did part,  
 When Jealousy had wound'd thy tender heart.”

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### *Continuation of Joanna's History.*

“ As I am called to write the particulars, that  
 all may be explained, I shall mention what I have  
 omitted before we parted for good. There was a  
 young woman in Sidmouth, Captain Wickers's  
 daughter, who was almost mad about Noah Bishop,

and would follow him wherever he went; when he did go to Sidmouth Town, one Sunday, she followed him upon the beach, and followed him part of the way home, and he stood talking with her. A friend of mine passed them by, and came and told me of it. This fired my soul with jealousy: and, as soon as I saw him enter the yard, I went immediately up stairs. He came and enquired of my sister for me. She told him I was gone up stairs, because I refused to see him; for, that I had desired her to tell him, that where he had been ALREADY, he might go again, along with Fanny Wickers. He declared to my sister, he could not bear her; and, though she followed him, he hated her, and believed her a very bad, loose girl; but, as she had followed him, he was obliged to stop and speak with her: but this excuse did not do for me. My heart burned with jealousy: and, in my passion, I said, I would not come down for the night; neither did I the next day. I thought, if what he said was real, he would come as usual; when I was milking, as he knew I could not shun him then; but, to my astonishment, he did not come: this fired my heart with indignation, for I thought my jealousy was without a cause. The next day, I went to my father's at Getsham, and Noah came and pleaded his cause again with my Sister, who told him I was more confirmed in my opinion than ever; and she was gone to Getsham to my Father's. He said, well then I will soon be after her, for I will go and see her, and *convince* her, that I hate Fanny Wickers. My Sister told him he need not go to Getsham to see me, for I should return again the latter end of the week. He said, then he would wait till my return. I returned home on the Saturday night, but as soon



as he came into the house on the Sunday, I fled from him as before; but in the evening when I went to milking I saw him standing at the Orchard Gate, as he knew I could go no other way; he had an halter in his hand, and said, he had been down to turn the Sheep out of the Orchard, and put in the Colt, and he would not let me go till he had *convinced* me of his dislike to Fanny Wickers, and that I was the only Woman in the World that he loved. I told him, if what he said was TRUE, he would have come on the Monday night to convince me of the Truth, and not have staid away as he did; for I supposed he was with her then. He assured me to the contrary; for his father had sent him in the morning all over Bulverton Hill to find the colts, and he had come round two or three times to my brother's grounds, in hopes of seeing me watering the bullocks, which I very often used to do at noon, as there was no water in the field; but he had missed the time that I came, and made it so late before he could find his horses, that he did not return home till after night; and to prove the truth of what he said, he could bring his brother Nathaniel, William Prince, Richard Isaac, and many others, to testify the truth of what he said; and his brother, and William Prince, did testify the truth: so I gave up all my jealousy in this matter, before it came to be alarmed another way, by people's saying, that he would break my heart in a twelve-month if I had him, which brought the sorrows upon me, as is mentioned in my history: but, as all particulars must be explained, I shall notice one further. His wife that is now, and I, were intimately acquainted: and, one Sunday, when she came into the house, I told him

that she should be his wife. In a contemptuous manner, he said, he did not like her: but, years after, when he courted her, I was in company with him at a reaping-harvest, and there was a woman there that said her name was Anne. He said, Oh, Anne! I love the name of Anne—and now I may say the same of my dear SAVIOUR, that I have been so often jealous of, fearing HE would let the gates of hell prevail against me; but now I know none can pluck me out of His Hand and now I will say, with David, “if I am vile, I will still be viler,” and prove the truth that the Bible is clear, and the truth of His words are true to me.

——“ Though I’m unworthy, and of merit none;  
 I see the merit in my SAVIOUR’s groans.  
 I see the merit doth in HIM appear,  
 Unworthy I his hand or heart to share;  
 Because my jealousy so wrong have been,  
 As ’twas by Noah now to me is seen.  
 And all my passions open now anew,  
 I see my SAVIOUR’s words in all are true;  
 That of my jealousy I may complain,  
 To let my heart be so enrag’d by men.  
 It is the Harlots that have me provok’d;  
 It is the Harlots that did cause the stroke.  
 To cause the jealousy by my weak hand,  
 When I did sign the folly of a man,  
 That said from hell the writings did appear,  
 And by his wisdom he’d destroy them there.  
 But by his wisdom this he could not do;  
 He’s just like Fann the Harlot in my view;  
 Because a Harlot she by man was plac’d,  
 For so they said her roving heart did burst  
 To every man; that she thought she could gain:  
 And now the empty world I see as plain,  
 That they are roving after pleasures here,  
 And every vanity their hearts ensnare.



And so my heart they thought to tear that way,  
 Because I knew there came my Jealousy—  
 Because professed Christians stood before,  
 And made me judge my SAVIOUR'S LORD was there—  
 And that his promises to me HE would forsake,  
 And that's the way my Jealousy did break;  
 But curst tormentors now your rage is o'er,  
 Your fury can no more from hell appear,  
 With all the arts that now are in your view;  
 I see my SAVIOUR, and I see him true,  
 Doth in this Fable strong to me appear:  
 I see this Likeness—and I FEEL it here.  
 And now your fury shall no further go,  
 To say my LORD will fill my heart with woe.  
 No, him I'll trust, and give both heart and hand;  
 I see myself doth in this fable stand—  
 I see my LORD in Noah to appear;  
 Not all the arts of hell shall now appear,  
 To make me ever grieve my Dying LORD:  
 I'll trust His honor, and I'll trust his word—  
 For all my passions they are open here,  
 Much stronger for my SAVIOUR to appear,  
 Than ere in youth they did appear for man;  
 I'd sooner die, than now give up my hand  
 To any wretch, that shall against Him speak—  
 No, No, my heart in sunder you may break,  
 To kill my honor, and despise my fame;  
 To say thy MAKER thou doth boldly name,  
 To be my husband, and the Lord of hosts,  
 I tell you plain in Noah it is plac'd:  
 Because the shadow there is in the man;  
 But in my youth I was forsaken then,  
 Grieved in spirit I did then appear,  
 Worse than a widow's was my sorrows there—  
 And 'twas *pretended Friends* brought on that woe,  
 And now *pretended Friends* the same I know,  
 Within my heart these daggers all would place;  
 And the last error fata'ler than the first—  
 Then now, ye cursed tyrants! look and see,  
 If you once more can break the heart of me;  
 Just like the devils you must all appear,  
 And worse than serpents for to sting me here.

But now I tell you, sooner I will die,  
 Than e'er my GOD and SAVIOUR to deny;  
 Because so plain He'th brought all to my view,  
 And I have witnesses to prove it true—  
 That 'twas by arts my Jealousy did go,  
 Because the Harlots they have stood, before,  
 And made me judge my SAVIOUR's Love was there.  
 But from the Fable now I plainly see,  
 They stood before but had no heart of He,  
 To make him change His Bible for to turn,  
 I see the way the Harlots all become  
 To follow after, and to stand before;  
 And that's the way my Jealousy was there.  
 And so his absence I one time did see,  
 When hell by arts provok'd my Jealousy,  
 And then my Lord not hasty to return,  
 I thought my writings every one to burn.  
 But then my blessed SAVIOUR did come round,  
 He proved the *Truth* that *HE* was in the sound,  
 And shew'd the way my Jealousy did come,  
 The arts of Satan unto me made known;  
 And by *HIS TRUTH*, I did believe his word,—  
 And by *HIS TRUTH* I'll now stand by my *LORD*,  
 Ten thousands deaths by man I'd sooner die,  
 Than ere my blessed SAVIOUR now deny.  
 No, No, the shadow it is gone before,  
 But of the substance I will now take care,  
 And trust the honor of my SAVIOUR dear;  
 Tho' I am unworthy—*HE* is worthy found,  
 Unto His Cross my hand and heart is bound;  
 And I will sooner die beneath His Feet  
 Than ere give up *His Love* that is so great,  
 To be aveng'd of all, our rival foe  
 That strong in satan now I know do go—  
 And in the Harlots he do now appear  
 To stand before them that he may ensnare,  
 And kindle Jealousy again to burst;  
 But now too late the happy die is cast:  
 For me as plain to see my SAVIOUR's name;  
 As I saw Noah's when he humbly came,  
 To place the truth of all before my view;  
 And shall my *LORD* so humbly now pursue,



Then well the Manger HE may call to mind,  
 How humbly first HE came unto mankind,  
 And how the mock of fools HE then did bear;  
 And now the same they're pointing every spear,  
 To crucify my dying LORD again;  
 Weigh every shadow, and you'll see it plain—  
 Because the substance now I plain do see,  
 The second time you'd murder HIM and me:  
 As Eve BY ARTS satan did murder first,  
 And so BY ARTS the Cross of Christ was plac'd—  
 And so BY ARTS he'd place it all again;  
 Christ and the Woman once more to be slain,—  
 The second time the sword go through her soul,  
 This is the way I know you'd murder all—  
 But now I tell you Christ shall murder me;  
 Before my hand and heart I'll ever give  
 To any living, but my LORD alone;  
 I'd sooner die and come before His throne;  
 And there my trial I'd begin to plead,  
 And ask HIM how this way I'd been misled—  
 His Words and Bible all for to believe,  
 I'd ask HIM how satan could so deceive;  
 I'd ask the devil how he could appear  
 In Christ's form, my heart for to ensnare,  
 And say, THAT by it I should conquer hell,  
 Then now the truth for once he sure must tell;  
 Because against himself he now must stand,  
 To say he is a devil in all lands;  
 And in the hearts of all men he does go,  
 Nothing but ruin he do see and know;  
 While he hath power for to rule and reign,  
 Then sure the self-accuser must be slain,  
 Because if I should murder now a man,  
 And boldly say I had the murder done;  
 And tell the way I did to all contrive—  
 I ask what law would let me then to live—  
 If I plead guilty; man must plead the same—  
 And so from hell, as you do say, it came;  
 From his own words he now is guilty cast;  
 And I'm the witness will against him burst.—  
 But if from heaven you say is now the sound,  
 Then sure your Conquering SAVIOUR will be found;

As HE hath said to conquer earth and hell,  
 And make the rebel in his den to dwell;  
 That he may never vex the earth no more,  
 Until the THOUSAND YEARS are NAMED be o'er—  
 And now Joanna I have spoke in thee,  
 The truth of all for thou to hear and see.—  
 This is the way that thou must plead with man;  
 Because thy eyes I've open'd to discern,  
 How clear in all the likeness doth agree,  
 And now like Noah I shall answer thee.  
 It is the harlots do before me go,  
 Profess they love ME, and they hold ME so,  
 That I must save them by my dying blood;  
 But ne'er avenge it on the serpent's head—  
 Therefore their love like Noah I do hate;  
 Though they profess to ME, their love is great,  
 To have MY dying blood be all in all;  
 And never have my rival foe to fall.”

Here we ended on Thursday night, June 21, 1804—And then a Letter was received from Exeter, that they had sent a Letter to Mr. Pome-roy, which he returned back without answering a word. This set all Joanna's heart on fire; the agonies she felt, no tongue can express—she saw the fatal ruin he was bringing on himself, and called to her remembrance a Letter she was ordered to send him; she thinks it was in 1797.—

“ And Judas he shall be to me,  
 If he do me deny;  
 No comfort in this world he'll have,  
 And tremble for to die.  
 He must be found an empty sound,  
 And hollow all within:  
 I asked the Bishop how he'd look  
 On such deceitful men.”

Because in his Preaching he professed great Love for *Christ*; therefore it was said, the LORD would try the man, and now he is weighed in the balance and found wanting, but knowing it is the



devil's arts have deceived him, wounds me to the heart in pity for the man; but as for the Devil I hate, my rage and malice grow more and more every day against him; as I receive Letters how believers are daily haunted, for those that are longing for CHRIST and His KINGDOM, the devil is pursuing with all his rage and fury, while those that do as a man † said at Leeds, that he did give the devil a corner chair to set in his heart, that then he said the devil was at rest with him; but if he disturbed him, the devil would plague him—and I heard the same man say, he would die to redeem the devil, which made me tremble to think there could be so wretched a being. I told him his death would not redeem the devil; for that power was in GOD only—and he would find him a cruel devil to him, tho' he professed so much love to him, he would not find that love in return from him:—but I am soiry to say I see his likeness in many men; they would sooner bring the day of Vengeance on themselves, and free the devil from his just punishment, than let the devil have his due. For they gave him a corner chair to set in their hearts, because he may not disturb them. But I will assure them in the end, they will find the devil to be like a Gentleman's Gardener, who courted the Gentleman's Maid, and made great professions of love to her, till he had brought her with Child and then he ordered her one night to come at mid-night to such a Garden at her Master's, and he would meet her there, and take her to Church to be married early in the morning; but while the bloody wretch was digging the Grave, to bury her when he had murdered her, the Gentleman was warned by a dream, that his Gardener was digging of a Grave, to

† George Hey, near Leeds.

murder his Cook, he told his wife of it, and said he'd go down---she desired him not, and said it was only a dream. He went to sleep and dreamt the same again—he then said, he would rise, but his Wife persuaded him not to listen to dreams. He went to sleep again, and dreamt the same the third time; he then sprung off his bed, and said, he'd lay there no longer, till he searched out the truth of his dream. He slipped on his Night-gown and went down and met his Cook Maid at the door, dressed to meet her devilish lover. He asked the maid where she was going, she was compelled to tell him she was going to meet his Gardener to go to Church to be married. He told her she should not. The poor innocent maid burst into tears, and said she must go, for she was with Child by him. The Gentleman told her, he was only going to murder her, and to convince her he would go first to the Garden, which he did, and left the poor maid trembling in the house. When he came, he found the Gardener had dug a very deep Grave; he asked him what he was doing? The wretch answered making of a Cucumber-bed. The Gentleman told him it was the wrong season of the year to make Cucumber-beds—And he knew from the maid that told him she was with Child by him, and he had appointed her to meet him there, that he had designed to murder her, and had dug that for her Grave. The wretch finding that he was betrayed fled from his master and left the country.—And now I shall insert Joanna's dream of last night. “ I dreamt last night, that I was to go to be married with my Brother Page that is dead; my Brother-in-law. He first made love to me, and then married my Sister. But to this I thought I



must go to be married by Proxy, as the Queens do. I thought some said, why you must not marry with a man, if you are wedded to Christ: I said, No, it was but by Proxy, like the Queens; for I should never live with the man: but my happiness would never be completed, before I had gone through the Proxy of marriage. I thought some cried out, in raptures of joy, and said, now I see the whole mystery clear. One strange gentleman cried out, in confusion and raptures of joy, she shan't want for money nor a house—she hath many presents sent her, and I will provide a house for her. I thought they kept presenting to my view, little things, wrapped up; and, when I opened them, there was gold and blue ribbons in them. I thought many men seemed bursting with joy: but one man in the company looked as if he would burst with envy; and said, I don't know what to make of this woman's marriage,—I believe it's all a sham; while others warmly reprov'd him. I then thought, that myself, with my friends, entered a beautiful, large garden; where I saw four crown pieces lay upon a stone. I thought I picked them up, and gave one to Miss Townley, and one to Mrs. Foley; and said, I had found them upon the earth: but, as they were covered with dust, I did not know whether they were silver or not. I thought we began to rub the pieces, and I found they were not TRUE SILVER: so I cried to my friends, it is not TRUE SILVER, fling them all down in the garden again; which I thought we all did. So we pursued our journey together, till we came out of the garden; and then I lost my friends, I know not how, and I was in a room with two women, that were very ill-looking old women. And I thought in derision they said one to the other,

have you heard of this mighty woman that is going to be married? I heard their mockery, and pulled my veil over my face, that they might not know it was me: but I thought Jealousy alarmed one of them, and she went down stairs to call a parcel of women more to come up, and prevent my going. I thought I looked at the stairs, and saw them full of old women, looking like witches—Immediately I felt the strength of the LORD enter in me, and I flew like a Bird over their heads, and flew out of the house.—I thought they turned in confusion to seek me, and said, where can she go, that we cannot find her? I thought with myself, the LORD will carry me where you cannot find me. And I thought I was carried round, from place to place; and saw the people as if they were bursting with envy at me: but so quick and powerful was my flight, that no one could prevent me, nor touch me, nor stop my flight, till I came to some beautiful place, which I cannot recollect, and then I awoke.”

Here, Sir, you are left in a confusion, like Mr. Sharp, sending you dreams and visions with the explanation: for the explanation of this dream and vision will be sent to Mr. Sharp, and he will be puzzled to know what it alludes to, as you may be puzzled to know what it meaneth, to go in print without an explanation: but the explanation you are forbid to know, till the book is printed. But I wish I could find the Clergy as wise as Mr. Sharp, to say his head is now confused, to find out the mystery of what I am sending: for he knows there must be some pages kept back that ought to be sent, to make my writings clear before him, for he cannot now understand them. Now, if the Clergy were as wise as he is, they would see there



were some hidden mysteries in the Bible, that they can't find out, to make the Bible clear and true; as you will both see by my letters, that you cannot make the mysteries clear, till both books are brought together. (Signed)

JANE TOWNLEY.

—ooo—

*From the same to the same.*

Rev. Sir,

*Friday Afternoon, June 22, 1804.*

The following Communication is given to Joanna, in answer to a simple Parable "OF A BLACK." The Parable is sent to Mr. Sharp, and the explanation is sent to you.

" For so My Bible doth appear,  
I tell you simple men;  
The Parables you've got them here,  
But cannot them explain.  
No more than he the thing could see  
Why thou such things should pen;  
For in the dark there stands a mark,  
That no one does discern  
Had been up on his father's bulks,  
He said that he could run;  
Because that there he might appear,  
In strength he thought to stand;  
But when upon his bed he were,  
He judg'd a coward's hand  
Had slain him then, ye simple men,  
Your Bibles stand the same;  
I'll bring the mystery to the Land,  
That you may know My Name,  
My Father here cannot appear,  
To strike the rebel dead;  
No other way His Honor clear,  
But bring it to the bed,

Where I did fall ; I tell you all,  
 That so 't must surely come :  
 For me to strike the rebel dead,  
 As satan's arts are known.  
 For him I'll place, ye fallen race,  
 The Black's father to be ;  
 And I must bring him to the bed,  
 That first did murder ME :  
 For in the Land, as now you stand,  
 The bulk of all to place ;  
 By satan's arts you this command,  
 That he may run his race,  
 To save his life, and end the strife,  
 For there his bulk does come—  
 And if with him you thus do hold,  
 You give him room to run ;  
 For Twenty here he well may clear,  
 My Bible he does see ;  
 My Honor I can never clear,  
 Till to my bed 't must be :  
 Because that there, he did appear,  
 I say a coward first ;  
 And now My Honor I can clear,  
 To make a coward burst,  
 On him the same ; ye simple men,  
 And strike the rebel dead :  
 But from the bulk in all he's plac'd,  
 To bring it on your head,  
 For man to fall, I tell you all,  
 And he to run the same :  
 He know'th My Honor cannot fall,  
 A liar to become—  
 And plead with he, in lies to be ;  
 A God for to appear—  
 No ! Twenty Gods he'd quickly free,  
 And say NO TRUTH was here.  
 Then how can I, that dwell'th on high,  
 In lies for to proceed :  
 No, all your earthly Gods must die,  
 He'd quickly strike them dead ;  
 And so he'd run to ME 'twas known,  
 The bulk in all to place ;



And say 'tis man I must enthrone,  
 For where's the truth to burst?  
 No woman here did now appear  
 A helpmate to mankind;  
 My Bible you can never clear,  
 You earthly Gods must find;  
 Because that here you may appear,  
 That number to make good;  
 And every one would satan clear,  
 You ne'er could strike him dead:  
 No, he would run to ME, 'tis known,  
 The way he'th run before;  
 The woman he did first enthrone,  
 Then how can I appear,  
 To say the way he did betray,  
 I'd bring it at the last?  
 Then 'twas the woman you do say,  
 And there the truth shall burst;  
 In honor clear I shall appear,  
 The woman *all must free*;  
 And say, if he did Eve ensnare,  
 Then now 'tis come to ME—  
 I say the same, again I'M come,  
 The woman to beguile;  
 Then there the devil cannot stand,  
 And well thou then may'st smile,  
 To see a thing so simply done,  
 That I shall here explain—  
 I'll bring My Bible out to man,  
 For that's the bulk I mean.  
 The bulk of all from Adam's fall,  
 If satan there could stand;  
 You earthly Gods he'd conquer all,  
 And run by my command;  
 Because that here he would appear;  
 And say NO TRUTH was plac'd;  
 I promis'd as a SAVIOUR here,  
 The likeness it must burst:—  
 God of this world, he sure did call  
 The devil at THAT TIME:  
 Then how that God could he e'er fall,  
 Till CHRIST an Eye could find,

For to obey, as Eve did lay  
 Obedient to his will;  
 I tell you all, ye earthly Gods,  
 You'd keep his footing still;  
 He well does know, and so does go,  
 To work in every heart,  
 And Cowards he would make of you,  
 To take your SAVIOUR's part;  
 For Christ to come, and reign the same,  
 In power in every land—  
 For now I tell you Satan's frame,  
 The Bulk in him doth stand—  
 That's of Mankind, you all may find,  
 And look which way you will,  
 The reigning power that is in man,  
 Is bound to Satan's will.  
 And this he gain'd ye simple men,  
 By Woman's simple hand,  
 And by that bed he must be slain,  
 For there the Type doth stand,  
 What he gain'd first, from Woman burst,  
 And so he'll now appear!  
 He'll place there Witchcraft at the last,  
 The Bride they'd murder here:  
 She should not come, to Christ be't known,  
 By witchcraft would they cry;  
 To have the SAVIOUR all their own,  
 And death and hell to die.  
 No, we'll keep up our every hope,  
 That we had got before;  
 His blood to wash away our stains,  
 We do not want e'er more.  
 Thus 't will begin in hell to burn,  
 The Witches now he'll try;  
 That he hath power for to bewitch,  
 And make the Bride to die:—  
 Because that here he will appear,  
 As he appear'd before;  
 And from the Jews, I this shall clear,  
 For so they'll answer here—  
 What Blasphemy must be in she,  
 Her SAVIOUR to blaspheme!  
 To say in spirit now HE's come,  
 With her to plead like men;  
 For to appear like Noah here,  
 The Hermit in disguise:



With all her Lovers to compare,  
 Tis time for to chastise—  
 If this does go we well do know,  
 She'll gain men all her own  
 They'll judge the Bible to be true,  
 The way that she hath shewn,  
 And we no more, than Fools appear,  
 Will satan swell their Pride;  
 I know the Witches will appear,  
 That way the witchcraft li'th—  
 Then from the first I stong shall burst,  
 And call the mid-night hour  
 And see your *Saviour* how HE's plac'd,  
 Your pride for to devour—  
 My Grandeur here, when I appear,  
 To make My Wisdom shine;  
 Would I your mockery ever bore?  
 Had I not known My Mind,  
 That *at the last* a Prince I'd burst  
 By Woman's simple hand!  
 Because that there, I tell you here,  
 The devil's power doth stand—  
 Now I the Last the same do burst,  
 The earth for to command;  
 I come to do My *FATHER's* will,  
 And there His Will *shall* stand:  
 The Woman *shall* your *Helpmate* be,  
 For now I've gain'd her hand.  
 The fruit to pluck now to the root,  
 And down the root shall fall;  
 Not all his witchcraft now shall do,  
 For I shall conquer hell:  
 This very way, now I do say,  
 That I did first design:  
 The Woman shall your *Helpmate* be =  
 I'll further tell My Mind:—  
 It is not one to ME 'tis known,  
 For I AM a David here;  
 And many Brides are now My own,  
 Alike with her to swear:  
 But now the First from Saul did burst,  
 For there the Bride did come,  
 And David's Crown that way was found,  
 And Saul's was overthrown.  
 So now the Saul, I tell you all,  
 In Satan he does stand;

But now within thou dost begin,  
 Thy pondering heart command.—  
 Must thou appear the Daughter here  
 Of satan just the same——  
 I tell thee no, it is not so,  
 Tho' all from Shadows came.—  
 The Shadows first from satan burst,  
 Children under the Fall;  
 Then there the *daughter* thou must stand  
 I now do tell you all:  
 Because that there hell did appear,  
 A prince of earth to come;  
 And by the Fall, I tell you all  
 I then pronounced man  
 As dead to be in Love to ME,  
 Or knowledge to become;  
 By satan's arts you all may see  
 Your Children form'd by him.  
 Then now see clear, the shadow here,  
 A Child of his must come;  
 To give their hand to David here,  
 And slay their father's throne;  
 That did appear in Saul now there,  
 And there the shadow see,  
 How David's life were then preserv'd,  
 By a Daughter born of he;  
 That is of Saul, I tell you all,  
 So David gain'd his Crown;  
 And so I tell you by the Fall,  
 You're satan's Children found.  
 Fallen from ME in misery,  
 By satan's artful hand:  
 And from the Shadow all must see,  
 How David's Crown must stand.—  
 But here within thou dost begin,  
 In Jealousy to burst;  
 And from this Fable thou dost see,  
 Thou art unequall'd plac'd;—  
 Not for to Love thou here dost prove,  
 For David's heart did go,  
 And other women better lov'd,  
 Than her thou well dost know.  
 So misery and jealousy,  
 Have work'd thy passions high—  
 And is My Love no more for thee?  
 Tho' thou for me wilt die.



Thy love's so great, without deceit,  
 In every thing to prove:—  
 And shalt thou see that misery,  
 To find a David's love  
 So cold to thine! No, I'll resign,  
 'Twas but a shadow there;  
 When I at first came to mankind,  
 The Brides for to ensnare—  
 To wed with me I now tell thee,  
 And Brides they did become;  
 Because that they do trust in ME,  
 That I shall them redeem.  
 But now see clear, the mystery there,  
 I am a David found,  
 The Ark in GOD in all to clear,  
 And bring the mysteries round:  
 That I am come to act like him,  
 For to uncover all,  
 The Brides that I have got before,  
 Do now like her appear:—  
 What fool say they, must *Christ* now be  
 To come and stoop so low,  
 And in their arts they Me despise,  
 Like Saul's daughter they do go.—  
 But I shall say, like him that day,  
 If †vile I do appear;  
 Then now much viler I will be,  
 And come to Noah here—  
 For like his love Mine now shall prove,  
 Thy Jealousy did burst;  
 Like Saul's Daughter for to appear,  
 Thou know'st how it was plac'd;  
 That she despised him so unwise,  
 And folly she did see,  
 For him to dance before the Ark,  
 In honor then to Me.  
 But viler there he would appear,  
 He told her at *that time*—  
 And now the mysteries I shall clear,  
 And bring it to mankind.  
 A David here I did appear,  
 I told them at the first,  
 His Root and Offspring then I were;  
 The morning star to burst—

But then see clear My Brides were there,  
 Tho' then I wed with Some,  
 My Humbleness they could not bear,  
 And so despis'd My Name.  
 So they did die, I tell thee why,  
 No Children did appear,  
 Till other Brides were gain'd by Me,  
 My every crown to share.  
 So first from them, the Jews did come,  
 And every one did die ;  
 Because My ways they did *despi se*,  
*Too low* they all did cry ;  
 And now the same they *mock* My Name  
 The Brides that here do come—  
 Tho' at the first My death they plac'd,  
 To be the life of them :—  
 Then now within thou dost begin,  
 The mystery for to see ;  
 Children of Saul I tell you all,  
 Like Saul's Daughter will be ;  
 Tho' I began to thee 'twas known,  
 To place the Shadow there ;  
 With Saul's Daughter I then did come,  
 The likeness to compare ;  
 And thou within did'st *tremble* then—  
 And *all* may *tremble* too,  
 That say My Ways they do despise,  
 Bring all before thy view ;  
 For viler there he did appear,  
 To tell her he would be ;—  
 And viler here, I *will* appear,  
 And that they all shall see ;  
 If low at First, I here did burst,  
 And in the Manger come ;  
 I tell them lower at the Last,  
 I shall receive My Crown.  
 Humility you all shall see,  
 Do highest honor bring,  
 And humbly now I'AM come to thee,  
 Thy heart and soul to win.—  
 And so to all, I now do call,  
 Brothers and Sisters here ;  
 My mother, too, before My View,  
 My Love do so appear ;  
 Then surely I who dwell'th on High,  
 Do humbly now become ;



For to invite My every Bride,  
 My Kingdom for to share ;  
 Because this way to thee, I say  
 My Kingdom 't must appear ;  
 It is by Love you all must prove,  
 My KINGDOM it must come ;  
 And it is Love the Cause must move,  
 The Serpent to condemn ;  
 I said at Last MY Love should burst,  
 Unto them in the end .  
 When I do bring My earthly Crown  
 MY Love to man must bend :  
 Or how should they in Love to ME,  
 Shun every Rival Foe.—  
 —No, I'll appear to answer here,  
 MY Sheep astray do go,  
 And they are gone from ME 'tis known  
 Then Horses must appear,  
 That to the Manger now will come,  
 MY Chariot Wheels to clear ;  
 And draw them on, as they've begun,  
 Like Horses Men must be ;  
 The strength of sheep is too much gone  
 To stand the fight for ME.  
 So I'll appear like Noah here,  
 My sheep are gone astray ;  
 MY words they do profess to hear,  
 And so profess'd—*THEY LAY*—  
 In love to ME, they say they be,  
 And so they follow here ;  
 But as their hearts I plain do see,  
 Their love I cannot bear.  
 But now to thee a mystery,  
 Like Noah I shall come ;  
 And tell thee of thy Jealousy,  
 That did thee now enflame :  
 The sheep were gone he told them then  
 And Horses in the Room,  
 That he had been one day to seek,  
 And *now* the day is come.  
 Because this year 't shall so appear,  
 That Horses I shall find :  
 My every Harness for to wear,  
 My Chariot Wheels behind,  
 Shall surely go, they all shall know  
 And bring ME to MY *Throne* :—

That I shall now prepare for you,  
 And claim this Earth MY own,—  
 So now see clear, one shadow's here,  
 How Noah wait'd to see,  
 Thy every Bullocks to appear,  
 That water'd they may be.  
 So now to all, I thus do call,  
 I wait'th for man the same ;  
 That to MY Brook they all may come,  
 Whih thirsty hearts enflam'd;  
 As He was there in love appear'd,  
 So is MY heart for Man :  
 But if that they do act like thee,  
 And miss the time I come ;  
 Then they may grieve as thou'st believe  
 Thou surely miss'd the whole,  
 But if their arts I find like thee,  
 They'll find me so to fall—  
 To come again, and shew them plain,  
 They way they ME did miss ;  
 Tho' I was waiting at their doors,  
 And would have shew'd them thus,—  
 How I was come in love to man,  
 And told them of the time ;  
 But they did look another way,  
 The mysteries could not find—  
 And satan there did strong appear,  
 To make them miss the mark ;  
 As I your footsteps did prepare,  
 To leave both in the dark ;  
 Because the thing I did design,  
 To bring the Shadow here ;  
 And shew the substance to mankind,  
 The way I shall appear ;  
 If Jealousy in them I see,  
 As in thy heart did burn ;  
 To think that I AM gone from thee,  
 Like Noah I'll return ;  
 And shew them plain how this was done  
 The ne'er discern'd the time,  
 And for MY Horses I was gone,  
 MY Chariot Wheels to find ;  
 That they may draw you all shall know  
 That have MY Harness here ;  
 Because MY Sheep too weak do go,  
 To bring MY Kingdom here.



No't must go on in battle strong,  
 And now thy dream thou'st see;  
 How in the †Air the Horses fought,  
 And then came down to thee;  
 And valiant stood tho' dipt in blood,  
 The colour did appear;  
 And now I tell thee by My Blood,  
 I'll surely conquer here.  
 Angels above, inflam'd with love  
 With devils do contend;  
 And now below, you all shall know,  
 They are come to fight with men;  
 Because that here, no man could bear,  
 The Battle to go through;  
 The rage of hell in all to clear,  
 Man never could go through:—  
 To fight with all, without My Call,  
 To send My Spirit Strong—  
 And let My Angels guard the Way,  
 Their Guardians now become.  
 As thou did'st say this very day  
 My life now stand'th at stake;  
 And I know well the rage of hell,  
 That way would surely break—  
 If I'd not plac'd My Army Strong,  
 Before thou see'st the Pitt;  
 Wherein to fall, I tell you all,  
 If men could now slay thee;  
 More fatal now than Adam's fall,  
 Their ruin now 't must be:—  
 As once for all my death did fall,  
 The world for to redeem;  
 But now no more let men take care,  
 I will be slain for them.  
 So if they kill, thy blood to spill,  
 'Twill no atonement make:  
 But as the fire on Sodom fell,  
 Shall now on England break.  
 And fire below they all should know,  
 Would soon consume the whole:  
 And all my friends with thee should go,

† See page 86, of the second book of prophecies.

And I'd receive your souls  
 To realms of bliss, in perfect rest,  
 And I'd receive you all—  
 And then the flames no soul should miss,  
 But be burnt like a scroll.—  
 I tell you first the flame should burst,  
 The judgment-day should come :—  
 If satan does his sufferings miss,  
 And sinners die for him;  
 Then, in his chair,\* they may appear,  
 And give him every room :  
 And all his sufferings they may share,  
 And feel the devil's doom.  
 For he is cast in hell to burst,  
 And there he soon shall go :—  
 So if for him you do contend,  
 His doom you'll surely know—  
 And then your chairs may all appear,  
 That in your hearts do stand ;  
 For satan's peace you'll feel it there,  
 In hell with him to stand ;  
 And then you'll see his chair to be,  
 A flaming chair for all ;  
 To keep you strong in misery,  
 Your fatal peace will fall :—  
 To die for hell, that did rebel  
 Against the SON of GOD !  
 And all the Angels do know well,  
 The wretched paths he trod ;—  
 While he above did share My Love,  
 In Glory for to shine ;  
 But when upon this earth he came,  
 The Ruin of Mankind  
 You all do know he strong does go,  
 To seek it to this day—  
 And will you come to die for him? †  
 To have My Vengeance lay?

\* This alludes to George Hey, who lives near Leeds; and who said, that he always gave the devil an arm-chair in his heart, and then he did not trouble him.

† The same George Hey said he was to die for the devil.



Now all in man, can you now stand  
 With backs of brass appear?  
 Or are your sinews iron strong,  
 That you My wrath can bear  
 Ever to be in misery,  
 And in devouring flames?  
 My Bible you must know and see,—  
 And TREMBLE at My Name—  
 For I AM come in Love now strong,  
 If Love your hearts will gain;  
 You'll find a Noah's heart to turn,  
 And shew the mystery's plain:  
 But if you'll not, I tell your lot,  
 From Saul the thing you'll see;  
 If you a David now do mock,  
 And say My brides you be;  
 But do despise, I'AM too unwise,  
 To act thus like a God:—  
 Then sure to Saul, I tell you all,  
 You'll feel a David's rod.  
 That you're the bride close by My side,  
 And yet my ways you scorn;  
 The answer see will come from ME,  
 A David will be known;—  
 More viler here I shall appear,  
 You'll see the following day;  
 Thy history then I mean to clear,  
 A David I will be—  
 A Noah too—they all shall know,  
 In love for thee the same;  
 And bring the woman now will come,  
 So much to praise MY Name—  
 All hazards run, as she hath done,  
 In fervent love to Me:  
 Then say a Bathsheba is come,  
 Whose husband slain shall be:—  
 The front appear, he shall be there,  
 The Harlots I'll embrace;  
 For every mystery I shall clear,  
 And bring all to this race.  
 There's not a Bride, on earth appli'd,

That say they are wed to ME ;  
 And now despise the way I'AM come,  
 But Saul's Daughter they be.  
 And now the Saul's I tell them all,  
 Their Children all shall die ;  
 And Bathsheba more close to ME,  
 Shall in My Bosom lie ;  
 Because unwise you me despise,  
 And I'll despise you all ;  
 You say my life that you would save,  
 When first to man I call :—  
 But now the Last I strong do burst,  
 You do despise ME more,  
 Than ere the Jews did at the First,  
 So Saul's Daughter take care ;  
 Lest you do see that rage in ME,  
 A bloody Husband come—  
 My Bible stands in Types for ye,  
 To make the end be known.  
 So I'll end here, and say no more,  
 Until this night be past ;  
 That other Wonders shall appear,  
 To make the whole to burst."

Here we ended on Friday evening, June 22, 1804.

(Signed) JANE TOWNLEY.



*From the same to the same.*

Rev. Sir,

Monday Afternoon, June 25, 1804.

It is fruitless to attempt to pen the agonies of Joanna's heart on Sunday night, June 24, from the Parable of the two women, and seeing Mrs. B—— was the woman murdered by satan's arts: her sufferings seemed more than she could bear. We were witnesses to her sufferings till sleep



closed her eyes, calling to us, to beg we would join with her in prayer for that wretched, unfortunate woman; for she said, she clearly saw it was all satan's arts: and one parable, she said, came strong to her, that the LORD would act like Lord Burnet, which puzzled her mind, as she could not see herself any likeness to the wife of Lord Burnet; for she was as different to her as light and darkness. However, she was ordered the thing should be penned, and it should be explained. The next morning, when she awoke, to add to her further miseries, she was told, no books should go to S— before they had paid the money; and she should remember, Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for keeping back the money that was to be put into the Treasury: and, as Joanna had sold it out, to put it into the Treasury to assist in carrying on the Lord's work; and they had kept it back—her soul trembled for S—; and, as she had received former friendships from her, was the more wounded and grieved to the heart, before the mystery was made plain before her—and then her sorrow was turned into joy. After she had written the letter to Mrs. S—, she was ordered to pen the story of Lord Burnet. It was a tale she heard when a child, but she cannot remember the beginning: only, that Lord Burnet was going to the Chace, and to leave his house for some days; and, before he went, it was said, that—

“ Down he called his merry-men all,  
 By one, by two, and by three;—  
 The first came down in velvet white—  
 The second came down in Pall—  
 The third came down Lord Burnet's Lady,  
 The fairest of them all;  
 She look'd as bright as the Summer's sun  
 Upon the little Musgroves; and he upon she again.”

After Lord Burnet was gone to the Chace, Musgroves and Lady Burnet went to bed together, which the little Footpage made an excuse to go to the Lady's room; and, seeing them in bed together, said, that Lord Burnet should know it before any sleep had closed his eyes—

“ But out she put her lilly white hand :  
So white, so long, and so small ;  
And gave him a small box under the ear,  
And bid him go tell his tale.—

So the little Footpage he took to his heels  
and run,

And when that he came to some broad water side,  
He smote on his breast and swam ;

And when that he came to Lord Burnet's gate,  
He knock'd so loud at the ring,

That none was so ready as Lord Burnet's  
Porter,

To let the Footpage in—

When that he came to Lord Burnet's Hall,  
Where Lord Burnet sat at meat;

He said, if thou knew what news I have  
brought,

Not a bit more thou'st now eat.

What news? what news? my little footpage,  
What news hast thou brought unto me?

My wedded Lady is she brought to bed,  
With a son or a daughter free?

Thy wedded Lady is not brought to bed,  
With a son or a daughter free,

But now together both in thy bed.

The little Musgroves and she.—

If this be a lie, Lord Burnet did cry,

That thou hast brought unto me;

A new pair of gallows there shall be built,  
And hanged thou shalt be.

If this be a *true tale*, Lord Burnet he cried,  
That thou hast brought unto me;

My eldest daughter, the heir of my land,

Thy wedded Lady she shall be.



If this be a lie, Lord Burnet, he said,  
 That you have brought unto me;  
 A new pair of gallows there shall be built,  
 And hanged I will be.  
 If this be a true Tale! Lord Burnet, he said,  
 That you have brought unto me;  
 Thy eldest daughter, the heir of thy land,  
 My wedded Lady she shall be.

The last two verses are,—the footpage repeating Lord Burnet's words back to him again, to claim his promise.

Then down he call'd his merry-men all,  
 By one, by two, and by three;  
 He bid them for to stand in stead,  
 For he did think there was never more need.  
 But one that ow'd Musgroves good will,  
 He took out a crumpled horn,  
 And blow'd so loud and so shrill,—  
 Away, Musgroves, away;—  
 O, hark! O hark! said little Musgroves,  
 I think I hear my Master's men,  
 Come tripping down over the plain—  
 No, No, lie still, and keep your body warm,  
 For neither one of my Lord Burnet's men,  
 Shall do thee or I any harm.  
 Then one that ow'd little Musgrove good will  
 He took out his crumpled horn,  
 And blow'd so loud and so shrill,  
 Away, Musgroves, away;—  
 O, hark! O, hark! said little Musgroves,  
 'Tis time for to be gone:  
 I'm sure I hear my Master's men,  
 Come tripping down over the plain.  
 No, No, lie still, and keep thy body warm,  
 For 'tis my father's blind shepherd,  
 That's driving the sheep to the fold:—  
 But when Lord Burnet came to his house,  
 The Footpage knock'd with the Ring,  
 And then the Servant did appear,  
 To let the Footpage in.

Lord Burnet behind, they soon did find,  
 Unto his room did go ;  
 And, as the Footpage said before,  
 He found the words were true.  
 Well, how dost thou like my bed, he cry'd?  
 And how dost thou like my sheets?  
 And how dost thou like my wedded lady,  
 That lies in thy arms asleep?  
 O, well I like thy bed! he cri'd,  
 And well I like thy sheets!  
 But better I like thy wedded lady,  
 That lieth in my arms asleep!  
 Arise, arise, thou wicked man,  
 And put thy clothing on ;  
 For 'tis a shame for any Lord  
 To kill a naked man.  
 There are two swords up by the wall,  
 Take thou the best, leave me the worst of all.  
 The first blow that he struck,  
 He struck Lord Burnet down ;  
 The second blow Lord Burnet struck,  
 His brains laid on the ground.  
 Arise, arise, thou wicked woman,  
 And put thy clothing on ;  
 For 'tis a shame for any Lord  
 To kill a naked woman.  
 So he kill'd the Lady and Musgrove—  
 So merrily sings the bonny thrush,  
 So sadly sings the Sparrow—  
 So merrily sung Lord Burnet himself,  
 For I shall be hang'd to-morrow.

Now, Joanna, as you have all tried your wisdom and can see nothing in this Parable, to compare the Likeness of the Lord ;—the Likeness of the Adulress Lady, to compare with the World ; and her Lover to the devil that seduced her—and the Lord that slew them both, to the Likeness of Myself—I shall compare this Parable *Two ways*. First, to My coming in the Body, as I always told thee to meet the Jews ; but satan adulterated



their minds from Me, after I was wedded to some, they went back and followed no more after ME. Then the promise came to the Gentiles, or to the seed of the Jews, that turned Christians; for ye know not from whence ye Sprung. There the Lord made the promise to the faithful Boy, and there the promise stands in My Bible, that if the Jews proved Adulterers, that I would make them a people, that were not a people; and call them beloved, that were not beloved; and give My Heritage to others:—but here thy mind is puzzled, how can this stand a Type with God and Man.

Then now in verse I will begin,  
 And prove the likeness of the thing:  
 When to the world I did appear,  
 Confess'd MYSELF the SAVIOUR there;  
 And to the Jews I then did come,  
 They were the Brides to all 'tis known:  
 Because the Jews, I well did know,  
 They judg'd a GOD and SAVIOUR too,  
 Must both in power then appear,  
 And bring the kingdom to them there—  
 And so they all were wed to ME;—  
 That grandeur great I knew to be;—  
 That Lords and Ladies I'd make all,  
 And so My kingdom then should fall:  
 But their adulterous hearts, I knew,  
 That Love to ME they did not shew—  
 And then the promise I did make,  
 That if the Jews did ME forsake;  
 The Corner-stone I'd take away—  
 And there my Land they all shall see,  
 Should in My daughter then appear:—  
 No other way you cannot clear,  
 Ever to make My Bible true;  
 And bring the whole before your view—  
 Now mark the promise that he made,  
 What to his servant then he said;  
 That if a Harlot she was come,  
 His wife to be in bed with one:

Then sure his lands he'd freely give  
 Unto the servant; he should live  
 His eldest heir for to possess:—  
 But if he told him then a lie,  
 Upon a gallows he should die.  
 The servant held him to his word;  
 He knew THE TRUTH of what he said—  
 And then the horn began to blow,  
 When he return'd THE TRUTH to know,  
 And then the servant did alarm:—  
 The Fable you do not discern.—  
 'Twas but blind shepherds, she did say,  
 When that the horn was blow'd that way:  
 And therefore he had nought to fear,  
 Until her Lord he did appear;  
 And, when he found himself betray'd—  
 Mark the two swords that there were laid  
 And mark the way they both did fall;  
 This parable stands deep for all.  
 Because the man he first did slay,  
 That did his honor then betray;  
 And so the bride he did cut off;  
 Have wisdom; now I've said enough.  
 The Lord in anger then did lay;  
 But mix'd with Love, when he did slay  
 The wife that was so near his soul:—  
 The parable goes deep for all.  
 For he rejoic'd that he must die,  
 Life was a burden, he did cry;  
 And so he sung that he must die,—  
 To see his wife so murder'd there,  
 Adultery he could not bear:  
 Because his passions they were strong.  
 He made his will before to man,  
 That all his lands that he should have,  
 And so his promise he did crave—  
 Because the youth said he would die,  
 If then he told him any lie.—  
 So here's the shadow of the man,—  
 But now the Likeness all discern:  
 And then I'll turn another way,  
 When I've explained the first to thee.



For I'll go back to Adam's fall,  
 For there the Type stands deep for all;  
 And there the Adultery first was plac'd,  
 When satan's arts the woman cast:—  
 And then the blame was cast on ME,  
 And so the rage began that way;  
 For though he struck Me to the ground,  
 The SECOND SWORD must sure be found:  
 For I shall surely bruize his head;  
 Mark ye the promise, how 'twas made  
 Unto the youth that did appear,  
 Because the Parable lies there;  
 Unto the promise that was made,  
 He'd live or die, you know he said,—  
 And to the promise bid him stand;  
 In Death or Life he did demand,  
 That to my word I there should stand,  
 If he told truth, the truth should be  
 To be the heir:—blind mortals see:  
 If he told lies, then on his head,  
 He said the gallows should be laid,  
 To build anew for him to die:  
 Now here the hidden mystery lies.  
 The woman then was murder'd there,  
 By satan's arts that did appear;  
 Because that I pronounc'd her dead;  
 But know the curse on satan laid—  
 When he had stung me to the soul,  
 Betray'd the woman, now see all—  
 My honor then engag'd 't must be,  
 When I'd pronounc'd the curse on her  
 To slay the woman at that time;  
 But here's a mystery lies behind.  
 He bid her put her clothing on.  
 And said to murder 't was a shame,  
 A naked woman to appear—  
 And know the man stood guilty there;  
 Tho' he the truth in all had told,  
 Another mystery I'll unfold.  
 The youth that did the tidings bring,  
 Repent'd when he had seen the thing;  
 His dying Lord for to appear,

His Lady murdered—Servant there ;  
 All three together thus did fall ;  
 He felt her blow I tell you all,  
 That she did strike him with her hand,  
 Too late he wish'd he'd never swain  
 Over the Brook, that way to go,  
 Or, ever let his Master know,  
 That by the man he was betray'd,  
 He then repent'd of what he said :  
 But his repentance came too late,  
 When he saw all had met their fate.  
 And how his promise could he claim,  
 When by his words his Lord was slain,  
 No, there his promise it might stand,  
 Could he with confidence demand,  
 The promise that was made him first,  
 When that before him *Three* were plac'd  
 As murder'd by his busy hand ;  
 As he himself did then condemn—  
 And wish'd he'd left the evil lie,  
 Sooner than caus'd his Lord to die ;  
 Tho' first in love he did appear,  
 Thinking the Servant for to clear ;  
 That from his House he then did go,  
 No other way he meant the blow ;  
 Then for to free the servant man,  
 In love to him, he then did stand ;  
 But when he saw his great mistake,  
 In agonies his heart did break ;  
 And thought *no lands* where due to he,  
 That caus'd the murder of *these three*."

Here we ended on Monday Night June the 25th  
 1804.—The six days Joanna having been con-  
 fined to her Bed, without being permitted to put  
 on her Cloaths before she hears the Voice of the  
 Lord call her aloud, as she has often heard it  
 before.



*Tuesday Morning, June 26th, 1804.*

After we had dropped our Pens on Monday Night, Joanna and Townley were gone to bed, as she now sleeps with Joanna, and only returns to her lodgings at times in the day. Soon after ten o'clock Joanna went out of bed, and walked up and down the room: about eleven Underwood came up, and saw Joanna walking up and down the room; at last she broke out with great power of the Spirit, and great fury—Underwood not knowing at first from what spirit it was, that she seemed in that fury; asked, if she should read to her to sooth her; but Joanna answered NO, she wanted nothing to sooth her, for she felt nothing but Joy. She walked to and fro shaking the very house, exclaiming against the devil, saying, hitherto satan hath walked up and down the Earth; but now he had cast himself, and he should walk up and down no more—for the Lord would now walk up and down the Earth in his stead—he accused My Handmaid of disobeying the commands of the LORD; but here were the Two Witnesses to prove him a liar, but you cannot understand the sense of this, if I do not tell you the particulars. After the shadow of the First Seven Days, that was said to be the shadow of her Trial, Joanna was ordered to undress and go to bed, and never to arise to put on her Cloaths more, before she heard the voice of the LORD call her aloud, in the same manner she had often heard it before—and in the same manner she heard a voice call aloud, Tom, the very morning that the Letter came from the Rev. Thomas P. Foley; but his name was called aloud in the morning, and three or four hours afterwards came his distressing letter, that was answer-

ed and sent by an Express by a Horn, that blow-  
 ed aloud. Joanna asked Underwood, if she did  
 not hear the Voice, as she was then in the Room;  
 Underwood answered no. Joanna was surprised,  
 and said, it waked her; in the same manner she  
 was answered, she must hear her own name cal-  
 led before she did arise from her bed as before;  
 but she was ordered to come out of her bed, and  
 walk up and down the Room without any Cloth-  
 ing, but her Linen that she sleeps in, which she  
 often did; and walked up and down hasty like  
 one in a Fever with her Fan in her hand, some-  
 times with the Fan open, and sometimes closed,  
 throwing it to and fro, saying, I am come to do  
 my FATHER'S Will, treading down the Wine-press  
 of His wrath; but Joanna says, when she was  
 confined to her bed the first days, she was very  
 powerfully visited by the devil many times a day:  
 He asked her once if this was the Love of Christ  
 to her, to keep her there in her bed:—Joanna  
 answered, yes, "His Yoke was easy and His Bur-  
 then was light."—He had not laid upon her such  
 heavy Burthen, as HE HIMSELF bore for her;  
 and she knew the Lord had wise ends for keeping  
 her in bed, which she enjoyed, as she felt no pain,  
 but could lay down upon her bed, when she was  
 minded to with pleasure. Then the devil would  
 aggravate her another way, and tell her she was  
 an idle, lazy Bitch, and she ought to get up—she  
 answered, she never would, till the LORD called  
 her aloud: but those aggravating, provoking  
 speeches of the devil made her eager and desirous  
 in her heart, that the Lord would call her aloud,  
 to stop the contentious Tongue of the devil.—  
 Sunday morning.——Seeing four days had past  
 and she had heard no voice to call her, only Mr.



Foley's name repeated, she went out of bed and washed herself, and took off her night cap, and asked Underwood for clean Linen, as she thought to herself, perhaps the Lord would call her when she was naked, as He called Adam: but finding she was deceived, she laughed at her own folly, and told us her simple thoughts, which diverted us all. After that the devil plagued her again, and said, she was a fool to tell them how she was disappointed, for as we did not hear the Voice call Tom, they could not hear the Voice call Joanna; so she might have deceived them, and told them that the Lord had called her. Joanna answered, thou devil, I cannot deceive the Lord, and what good is it to deceive them; they cannot protect me in the hour of danger, and it is by His Power I stand or fall:—then the devil plagued me another way, and said it was he that used to call me, and now I had forbid him from me, he would never call me more; so if I laid in bed till my name was called, I might lay a bed for ever. I said so I would and die in my bed, if the Lord did never call me aloud to get out of it, for if he had power to do all these wondrous things He surely had power to call me aloud. In this manner I have been in and out plagued with the devil; trying every way to make me get up without being called, which I would not do for ten thousand Worlds, for I would sooner die in my bed. Then the devil brought to my remembrance a former thing that I had heard, and said the Lord was dealing with me, as a Father did with his Daughter, who was deeply in love with a Gentleman the Father did not like, and he beat her so severely—

“ That the Blows they fell sore;—  
 So She took to her bed,  
 And She never rose more. ”

And so it would be with me, if I waited till the Lord called me. I said, I did not care for that, for I would sooner die in my bed, than disobey the Lord. When the devil found no arguments could make me to arise, the sixth day he came another way, and upbraided me that I had arose, and walked up and down the room:—I said, I was ordered to go up and down the room sometimes, and then go into my bed again; but the devil kept on plaguing me in that manner, that I had arose, till I told Townley and Underwood to be witnesses against him, and told them what he had said, and asked them if they could prove that was rising from the bed, to go out without any Clothing about the Room. They said no—that was not rising without your Clothing; you cannot go out in the Street so, nor out of your Room, the Lord had ordered you to walk; seeing the Agonies I was in, *by the provoking Lies* of the devil. They both fell down upon their knees by my bed side, and Townley said we will say the Lord's Prayer together, which we three joined in; then we prayed to the Lord to chain down Satan, for having entered into man to betray HIS only SON, our BLESSED SAVIOUR and REDEEMER, and having caused HIM to die the Ignominious Death upon the Cross, and HIS dear precious and innocent Blood, to be shed for the Sins of mankind; “but FATHER forgive them, for they know not what they do,” and hasten to cut off all the powers of darkness.—When this prayer was ended, I felt a swimming round my head, and the powers of darkness broke off from me. I then was ordered to pen the Parable of the Lord Burnet, as I had learnt it when a child, but could not see how it could be explained



any way, to bring it to the Likeness of Christ. I had the Parable wrote as I learnt when a Child, but did not understand the explanation, till it came to the promise made to the Boy, when the Eyes of my Understanding began to be opened; but as it was come to night, and Townley and Underwood, had staid up till two o'clock the night before, to send off the EXPRESS to London: we shut up writing at Candle-light, after Townley came to bed with me, I felt the Spirit working strong in me, of the depth of Lord Burnet's words when he said,

“ If this be a lie Lord Burnet he said  
That thou hast brought unto me—  
A new pair of Gallows there shall be built,  
And hanged thou shalt be.”

I knew they were lies which the devil brought against me, and therefore felt the force of the words; that now the second time the NEW GALLOWES must be built for the devil, for he must be as honest as the Boy was, or the LORD will make him: as Lord Burnet would have hang'd his Boy, if he had come with lies to disgrace his Wife, had she been innocent, but she was not. But I knew I was innocent, for I have never suffered a man to come into my presence, since I was forbid; neither would I suffer myself to look into the Street, fearing I should see a man; and it was not all the arts the devil could use, would make me disobey my LORD. And now, I know HE will be like Lord Burnet, do to the guilty lying wretch, that hath defiled the whole World by sin, as Lord Burnet did to his Wife and Servant, and Lord Burnet's death is past already, in our SAVIOUR's being Crucified upon the Cross, after HE had cut off all the Brides, that defiled His Bed, and de-

filed His Honor, by following after other Lovers, that were defiled by the arts of the devil; but then the Blow came to man instead of the devil, as it came to Judas when he had betrayed our SAVIOUR to defile the Jews.—The first Blow that he struck, struck him down to the power of men:—but the second blow that our SAVIOUR struck, when HE struck to Judas's heart and conscience, HE then struck him dead, as he went and bought a Halter to hang himself. He then called forward the Jews; or, they were called forward, as an Adulterous Race against Him; and then the natural Branches were cut off; and then HE said, like Lord Burnet, that now HE must die for the whole, and gave up HIS Life upon the Cross, seeing His Honour betrayed, His Bed defiled, and so He cast the Adulterers into the Bed together.—Then now go back to the other Promise made by Lord Burnet,—

“ If this be a true Tale my little footpage,  
 That thou hast brought unto me ;  
 My eldest Daughter the Heir of my Land,  
 Thy wedded Lady She shall be.—  
 Then mark, ye hold me to my Word,  
 And now discern your dying LORD,  
 That as in Adam you died here ;  
 The eldest Daughter must appear,  
 If you'll possess My every Land,  
 Then now the Marriage all command ;  
 Tho 'tis the youngest doth appear,  
 The eldest Daughter is not here,——  
 And how that way could it ere come ?  
 Bring back the Parable to man. —  
 When by his ways *the whole* was slain,  
 What elder Daughter could he gain,  
 To join with him in heart and hand ?  
 When she condemn'd it in the Man,  
 That *by his Justice* all was cast !  
 Tho' unto her all wrong did burst.—



She thought that he should sin conceal,  
 Sooner than go for to reveal,  
 The Crime her Mother then had done ;  
 She cast the blame upon the man—  
 Her Mother's Crime she did not see ;  
 Her Father's Honor to betray ;  
 To bring her Footman to his Bed,  
 She thought that Evil might be hid :—  
 And in her heart condemn'd the man,  
 That told her Father what she'd done ;—  
 And he himself as much did blame,  
 When all the deaths he saw that came  
 From every *Truth* that he had told—  
 The mysteries here I shall unfold.—  
 When that *My Truth* did come to man,  
 Discover'd first by satan's hand ;  
 I said, if so it did appear,  
 That he the truth had spoken there ;  
 My eldest Daughter then would be,  
 I well know then the Brides of he,  
 Till every hair I had cut off,  
 And all My Lands were gone to nought,  
 And now to nought they all are come—  
 I said the Woman did condemn  
 The love to man that did appear,  
 And all the blame she cast it there  
 Upon the devil, that betray'd ;  
 For so the Likeness now I've laid—  
 The Shadow's in the simple man,  
 That smote his breast—in haste did run——  
 And so in haste he did appear,  
 The Types for men and devils here ;  
 Because he said, if that he did lie,  
 The Gallows should come round that way—  
 Unto His words the man did hold,  
 Then now let satan's heart grow cold ;  
 For when the Truth I came to know—  
 Both lies and truth from him did flow ;—  
 'Twas true that they had disobey'd,  
 But 'twas by him they were betray'd —  
 Then now the second words shall come,  
*The younger Daughter* shall be known,  
 Shall gain the Every land for Me :  
 As then the elder did for he ;  
 Because the Last shall now be First,

For so My Bible all is plac'd.  
 And if the last the first appears,  
 The elder Daughter sure is here,  
 That now shall gain My every Land,  
 And you with her in Marriage stand;  
 Then all My Lands you now shall have,  
 For true are the words the Man did give,  
 To say the woman him betray'd,  
 And true the woman then she said,  
 Satan had tempt'd her thus to do,  
 And every word I knew was true.  
 Therefore the Curse pronounc'd it great;—  
 For well I knew where laid deceit;  
 But then My Honor could not clear,  
 As *Disobedience* I found there.  
 The man and woman soon did own,  
 And so in death they both did come  
 Dead to all knowledge then of Me—  
 The other Promise none do see,  
 That lie'th behind prepared for man;  
 If his bed was defil'd by One,  
 A servant then that did appear,  
 Another servant was the Heir;  
 Because the *Truth* that he had told;  
 And now the mystery I'll unfold—  
 The *Truth* by him was told at first,  
 What from the woman's hand did burst;  
 And when the woman did appear,  
 And said the serpent tempt'd her there;  
 And so the words I knew were true,  
 And cast on satan then his due;  
 But as the whole were naked then,  
 I could not fight with simple men,  
 That had no Clothing then to clear,  
 I knew no knowledge then was there.  
 Therefore their Clothing I put on,  
 And at that time I cover'd them,  
 With nought but Goat Skins I put on,  
 Till ages faster did roll on—  
 Then every Clothing I put on,  
 To shew MY BIBLE and MY WORD,  
 And shew them all MY glittering Sword;—  
 How all My Bible it doth stand,  
 And here's the Clothing you command;  
 If like that youth you now will be,  
 And put your Clothing on for Me;—



Against the devil now complain,  
 You all may swim through Jordan's stream;  
 But if in beds defil'd you lie,  
 In satan's arm, I now do say,  
 Just like they two you all shall fall,  
 And here's a warning to you all —  
 For now my promise it shall stand —  
 My daughter now shall gain the Land,  
 And all that are in Bonds with she,  
 My every Land shall gain that way : —  
 For now the Truth is fairly try'd,  
 I've chose her for to be *the Bride*,  
 And *I MYSELF* to be *the Heir*;  
 My *FATHER's* every land to share —  
 For now I'll place *MYSELF* to man,  
 That said he'd die the Truth to claim  
 If it was lies upon his head,  
 He said on him it should be laid —  
 And so he said the Truth to clear  
 He'd die, or be the perfect Heir;  
 And so in grief he first did die —  
 The second promise still must lie,  
 For he to be the perfect heir;  
 And now the Likeness I've brought here.  
 For now the Truth, I say shall burst,  
 I plac'd the Likeness of the First  
 In true Obedience for to stand,  
 The men and women I *command* —  
 What *I forbid* they must not do;  
 What *I command* they must pursue —  
 And by the Women this is done,  
 And satan like the Footpage came:  
 Or, in My form he did appear,  
 And strong belied the Woman here —  
 Which I did say, if it was true,  
 I'd give him Gentiles and the Jews —  
 I'd give him up My every Land,  
 If he the truth could now command.  
 But when the Truth I came to know,  
 I found the liar so to go;  
 With nought but lies he did appear,  
 To say that thou had'st risen here,  
 A way that I did thee forbid;  
 And now I'll bring it on his head;  
 Because the lies he told at first,

Upon his head I plac'd the Curse ;  
 But to go through I could not clear ;  
 Because that man was guilty here.  
 But now from guilt I know thou'rt free,  
 Because 'twas I that order'd thee  
 Out of thy bed that way to come ;  
 And so to travel up and down,  
 The skeleton for to appear.  
 The naked woman you see here :  
 As she appear'd in nought but bone,  
 And thou no clothing hadst got on—  
 For, at that time, I sure was there,  
 When satan did so strong appear ;  
 For to condemn with every lie,  
 I tell thee I was standing by—  
 And I the Witnesses did hear ;  
 So the blind shepherds may appear,  
 That to the Fold do drive my sheep,  
 That way he lulls them all asleep ;  
 And in his arms he holds them fast,  
 Until with rage that I shall burst,  
 And place him in Lord Burnet's room,  
 For there he's bringing on their doom—  
 Upon the Nation I see first,  
 The men and women so are plac'd,  
 By satan's fury FIRST TO DIE ;  
 He holds them, and he then does cry,  
 That they are guilty of the deed :  
 He tells them 'tis no use to flee,  
 Because of dangers there are none—  
 'Tis the blind shepherds blow the horn,  
 That at the midnight men did hear,  
 And at the mid-day did appear—  
 For I have gone through day and night,  
 To blow the horn the wretch to fright :  
 Or else, to make mankind to fear,  
 That they may part and sin no more.  
 But judge that danger's in the sound,  
 That in their beds they mayn't be found :  
 For if that satan find them so,  
 I know his fury it must go,  
 And say that they are justly cast ;



Because he found them in their lust,  
 In every thing that I forbid;  
 Then in this truth he may proceed,  
 To strike them with the fatal blow;  
 Though his own death I well do know  
 Shall follow after like the man;  
 And that's the way his death shall come.  
 Because his bride he's murdering here,  
 That he by sin have wedded clear;  
 But yet no bridegroom can he stand,  
 'Tis but a shadow of the man—  
 And that's the way they will be cast,  
 That like the woman now do burst;  
 When they *My alarming Horn* do hear,  
 To say blind shepherds do appear,  
 Driving my sheep unto the Fold,  
 That way their hearts will all grow cold.  
 Then to the others I shall come,  
 That spoke the truth you know by man:  
 And if the truth was found in he,—  
 You know the lands were said to be  
 Then with My Heiress all his own;  
 And perfect so it now shall come:  
 Because that I'll stand to the word,  
 And he shall TREMBLE at a GOD,  
 That came in power the truth to see—  
 Therefore the night I work'd in thee,  
 To leave thy bed, and travel on,  
 The words before thee must be shewn."

After part of the explanation given to me, concerning the parable of Lord Burnet, all the sense of what has been written to-day, broke in upon me, after they had given over writing. I then was answered, "take up thy bed and walk." As I was walking up and down, pondering in my heart the events of the day, and what was said of the promise made to the Boy, if he had told the truth, the Spirit of the Lord entered into me with

power, which must be reserved till another day, as 'tis time to prepare for the post.

We all join in kindest Christian love to yourself, Mrs. Foley, and the dear little Richard. This second Horn mentioned, is an express that was sent off to Mr. Sharp, on Monday morning at two o'clock; I think much more wonderful than any you have seen yet. "*So the Horns went through, day and night;*" for they would arrive at Mr. Sharp's about nine or ten o'clock. *These Horns* are said to be *the Horns* of the Lord, blowing to awaken the nation; as Lord Burnet's servant blowed his Horn, to awaken the Lady and the Footman: but if the nation be like the Lady and the Footman, judge it is nothing but the blind shepherds of the Lord, driving their sheep to the Fold, they will find the Lady's sudden destruction, though satan's doom must follow after; if they give themselves into his power, which they are now hastily doing. For the power of God that was in me last night, and the words that were then spoken against the powers of darkness, and against the second trumpet that is now blowing;—for, as CHRIST died *at the First Horn*, when the Horn of the Gospel was first pronounced,—so *the Second Horn* is the Horn of Redemption, that must bring *the promise* that was made to man: and satan must, with his followers, now fall together; for that Parable goeth deep to the nation, and will bring in a sudden destruction. Therefore, this must go in print. If they say I am writing from songs, tell them they are *fatal song* that they are *singing*; and such songs as lull them all asleep.

(Signed)

JANE TOWNLEY.



*From the same to the same.*

*Tuesday, July 3, 1804.*

*Rev. Sir,*

I shall omit sending you the particulars of John Symons, to tell you the wonders of last night, on Monday evening, July 2. After Joanna had been to supper, and Underwood thought her composed, and going to sleep; and she said she believed she should. Townley then came up, and said her two false teeth had both fallen out, and she feared it would alter her voice: Joanna said, she did not think it did alter her voice, and rejoiced they were fallen out; and said they must not be put in any more. Townley said they should not, and then went to bed; but Joanna desired it might be remembered, that they fell out *the day* that John Symons would receive his letter about himself and Pomeroy. Joanna says, she felt herself dull and heavy to go to sleep; but the Spirit of the Lord kept her waking. She was ordered to take up her bed and walk: for, as she walked every night, so should the arrows of death fly fast by night, and the Pestilence should go by day; for *now* thousands should fall on the right hand, and ten thousands on the left: for the destroying Angel should go forth, and go up and down the earth, as she went up and down the room. Here she says the fury of the Lord broke in so strong upon her, that took away her senses. She cannot recollect any thing further, only if Pomeroy would turn the King's evidence, to tell who so powerfully persuaded him, to deny his Lord and Master, the Lord would now, at the last, *forgive* him and *cast* the others; but, if he would not, they should all

die together, and fatal would be their end. The LORD had placed Pomeroy as Joanna's judge, perfectly as Pilate was placed our SAVIOUR's judge. But he should remember the words the Lord said unto Pilate, he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greatest sin; and he that tempted Pomeroy to draw back hath the greatest sin. But Joanna says, her senses entirely left her; this she remembers, but the other she does not remember: and says, we have told her strange things this morning, that we ourselves, Townley and Underwood, are commanded to pen. She walked about the room with as much fury of the LORD as at any former time; and stamped with such fury that the whole house shook, and alarmed the people in the house. The Master of the house went into the street, and heard the noise the same in the street as in the house. Joanna spoke so powerfully to satan, telling him his doom, and she appeared to fix her eye, and to extend her arm towards *one spot*, that I, Townley, who was then alone in the room with her, thought Joanna saw satan; but Townley felt no fear. Soon after Underwood returned into the room, Joanna said, if we wished for rest we must take up our beds and go to our tents: but we told her we preferred staying with her. She then went on walking about the room, talking loud and powerfully WHAT the Lord was going to do upon the earth, and stamping her foot violently. Her fury about satan I have told you: but what she said about men, and to whom she pointed, I am ordered to keep secret, and only to write it as a memorandum for myself; as only the Friends are to see it, that they may know THE END of all things. She walked in this fury a full half hour, and then got into bed, and went on talking, but in a different



voice. It then appeared to me, Townley, as if our SAVIOUR was speaking in her, and reminded us what our blessed SAVIOUR suffered for our sakes: the words exactly I cannot recollect, but she told us she felt a heavenly joy within her. She then was more composed, and went to sleep; and we did the same. And now I shall come to Joanna's information. She says that she does not remember a word, but Townley hath just called to her remembrance, that Joanna particularly told us, that man had been *twice dead*, and *twice plucked up by the roots*. But after Joanna went to sleep, she dreamt that a circle was placed over her head, with a circle like the sun in the middle, in a round circle, bright and fiery. Round the circle of the sun were black clouds; which fell over her, and fastened her to her bed. She then felt herself dying, and fainted away with the agonies she bore; and thought she was immediately taken out of her bed, and carried, in a most wonderful manner, to the bottom of the bed: she felt the curtains burst before her, and she was carried round the room. She wished to awake Underwood and Townley, and tell them to see the beginning of miracles, and to see the two white hands that clasped round her; but she does not remember that they awoke to see either. She was then carried away out of the room into the open world, and passing by some people; she thought she had got on a branched linen gown, with green flowers on the top; a gown she had got lately, but never wore it but one day. Some of the people, as she passed by, she thought said, that she had got on the serpent's dress; but she thought to herself she had no serpent's dress on, and reflected with herself what the gown was—the running branches

that bring she green leaves of victory: so that gown must be shewn to man, to see what judgment they will draw from the gown, that fools judge the serpent's dress: but there they will see the running branches purple without,—the black cross in the middle,—and the four square green flowers without, that bring the green leaves to man—the summer that is nigh at hand—therefore, let men take care that they do not say, “The harvest is over, the day and the summer is ended, but we are not saved;” after this she was brought again into her bed, after being carried to different places. She then awoke, and heard some one knock at her door, in the same manner that Underwood used to knock to call her to breakfast. She called out, Who is there? Townley, being awake, said, she heard no one knock or call: this was after the day was broke. She then lay still to compose herself to sleep; but felt a hand come round her, and a head come over her, that she thought kept breathing in upon her, with more powerful breath than ever was the force of air from a smith's bellows, that blowed the fire for the anvil. She thought to herself she should be afraid, if she did not know herself to be in the hands of God; but her perfect love had cast out fear, that she neither feared men nor devils. The devils before her seemed like gnats or flies, that you can kill with the flip of your finger; and men appeared, before her, no other than the grass that is to be mowed down: for now she looks upon all men as grass, and the beauty thereof to fade and decay, that must be cut down to nourish the Sheep and Oxen, that the Lord will preserve: and these Bullocks † that will give

† All of the Cow-kind, in Devonshire, are called Bullocks.



Milk, to bring forth the Cream of his words,—so the after-grass is preserved for them, when the mowing grass is cut down. After this she tried to sleep to compose herself, and felt as above. At last she fell asleep with the strong breathings that were over her head which is impossible for her to describe, and which took her senses quite away—and whether awake or asleep she does not know; but she remembers that she was quite awake when she felt the hand of the LORD upon her; but in that heavenly and beautiful manner, that she felt joy unpeakable and full of glory. She felt herself laying as it were in heaven, in the hands of the LORD, and was afraid to move, fearing she should remove his heavenly hand, which she felt as perfect as ever woman felt the hand of her husband. In this happy manner I fell asleep, *and in my sleep* I was surprised with seeing a most beautiful and heavenly figure, that arose from the bed between Townley and me. He arose, and turned himself backward towards the feet of the bed, and his head almost reached the tester of the bed, but his face was towards me, which appeared with beauty and majesty, but pale as death. His hair was a flaxen color, all in disorder around his face. His face was covered with strong perspiration: no man in a salivation could appear worse. His locks were wet like the dew of the night, as though they had been taken out of a river. The collar of his shirt appeared unbuttoned, and the skin of his bosom appeared white as the driven snow. Such was the beauty of the heavenly figure, that appeared before me in a disordered state: but the robe He had on was like a surplice down to his knees. He put out one of his legs to me, that was perfectly like mine, no larger;



but with purple spots at the top, as mine are with beating myself, which Townley, Underwood, and Taylor are witnesses of. Methought in my dream HE got himself in that perspiration, being pressed to sleep between Townley and me. I said to Him, are you my dear dying SAVIOUR, that is come to destroy all the works of the devil? HE answered me, Yes. I thought I called Underwood and waked Townley to look at Him, which they did with wonder and amaze. I then thought I would go out of my bed, and fall down on my knees before Him, to return Him thanks for His mercy and goodness; but, as soon as these thoughts entered my head, He disappeared, and a woman appeared in His stead, which gave me pain to see he was gone; but the woman told me many wonderful things that were coming upon the earth, and what was coming upon the devil: but, as she said she knew me at such a time, before she was a spirit, I marvelled how she should know any thing of me, and grieved at the loss of my dear REDEEMER, for I saw no beauty in the woman: but my sorrow was, that I had lost sight of CHRIST; and though the woman would reason strong with me, but her reasons I did not like. In this confusion I awoke, and heard the bell tolling for the dead, and the drums beating at the same time; which I remarked to Townley. Soon after, I heard the Master of the house, as though he was hammering with both hands. I asked what he was doing, to make such a noise; but Underwood told me he was making a chicken-coop, to keep in the chickens—Now let this be sent as it is to Foley, Bruce, Sharp, and Taylor; for no explanation shall be given this day: only let them try their own judgments, and they shall have the



explanation another time.—We can but just save the Post; and we unite in kind Christian love to Mrs. Foley, dear little Richard, and yourself.

(Signed)

JANE TOWNLEY.

P. S. In the morning, before we began writing, Joanna called for the Bible, and opened it at the second chapter of Haggai; which she desires you will read and weigh deep.



*From the same to the same.*

*Friday Morning, July 20, 1804.*

*Reverend Sir,*

Joanna was ordered to have a journal from Sunday last copied off regular, with the singular things concerning herself from the Sunday to the Friday following; and the reasons are to be assigned to her, why she was ordered to bring it in this manner.

The answer of the Spirit.—

“ And now, Joanna, I shall assign the reason, why I ordered thee to put on **THY THREE RINGS**, and bring forward the shadow of thy Journal. But now call back to the substance; in what manner this hath been carried on—first, thy despair; next, the power of My Spirit, coming with fury in thee—then mark what follows after, how often my Spirit have been like fury in thee, declaring My threatnings against men and devils;

—then mark thy Promise made to ME, and My Promise to thee:—then let every one weigh deep, how it went on from the power of My Spirit, the fury of My Spirit; what I poured out day after day, night after night, that should come on men and devils, that now MOCK My reign. It is not to hear My voice: it is not to discern the words that are spoken in a day—if you do not discern My Footsteps, trace them track after track, word after word, day after day, how I began, and how I AM going on. First, to shew My threatnings and My Power in thee, and by thee—then come on thy disputes with satan—then, My Fury breaking again in thee—then come on thy disputes with man. But here let them see I have brought thee low, to shew mankind what My Fury will bring upon THIS UNBELIEVING NATION, and upon all NATIONS; for I shall make them as sick with smiting them, as thou wast THAT DAY: but their sickness will not end like thine, to leave them in a day, and seemed to be restored the following day. But I tell thee their's will CONTINUE, till they will say with Cain, “My troubles are greater than I can bear,” I cannot shun the judgments of a God, whom I have so long mocked and despised. Let them look on thee and see THE SHADOW—then let them tremble for THE SUBSTANCE. For, know, as Isaac was bound as a Type of Me, and the arrows of death went through Abraham and Isaac, as judging he must be slain: but then man was preserved, and after that I was slain. So now the scenes are changed another way; thou only bearest in My stead the shadow of Isaac; and, though they are crucifying thee daily for My sake in the Spirit, and thou feelest it in the Body;—yet,



know, I DIED ONCE FOR ALL, and I shall DIE NO MORE FOR MAN. And every sorrow thou now feelest, every dagger they have placed in thy breast, shall be returned DOUBLE upon this ungrateful Nation,—upon this ungrateful People,—that DESPISE the Warning, DESPISE the Invitation, DESPISE the Redemption of ME that loved them, and gave My Life for them: for now Joanna, I tell thee, My appetite is like thine, gone from every one, that are NOT LONGING for THE COMING of the LORD. And now see where thy Appetite is gone—Thy Appetite is gone from every Fruit—thy Appetite is gone from Fish and Flesh—thy Appetite is gone from the Bread of man, nay, from the Flour of Wheat, for all appear to thee but Bran; thou can'st digest nothing but the Bread of Heaven, which is MY WORD coming down to thee. Now, Joanna, I tell thee why I have taken thy Appetite from every thing, but the virtue of the Flesh boiled in water, and Herbs eaten with it, and Wine to drink—know, that out of My side came Blood and Water—the next words stumbled Joanna, as she did not know there were such words in the Bible, “AS MY FLESH IS MEAT INDEED, AND MY BLOOD IS DRINK INDEED.” She remembered the other Evangelists, but had forgot they were in St. John's Gospel, 6th, chap. and 55th verse.

Here follows the answer. —

“ Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer,  
 JAH, JEHOVAH, is thy Master,  
 All thy doubts I now shall clear;  
 It was I that work'd within thee,

Every perfect truth to see;  
 In the Truth I shall defend thee;—  
 Search my word, that's on record,  
 And see how all do stand;  
 And then they'll find 'tis from their Lord,  
 That did the whole command.  
 I said, the bread must be My Word,  
 And now My Word is come—  
 I said, My Flesh should be your food,  
 And now thy food is known.  
 The virtue here that doth appear  
 From simple sheep to be;  
 But know the flesh thou canst not bear,  
 No, 'tis the flesh of Me  
 Is all thy Food, that do allude  
 With herbs is mingled here;  
 It is the water from my side,  
 Is all that thou can'st bear,  
 And know the wine, for I AM the vine  
 That doth thee here support;—  
 And now I'll tell thee of mankind,  
 The way the Bread doth hurt—  
 I said, at first My Bread was plac'd,  
 To be the Bread for man;  
 The way my body they should taste,  
 But they did ne'er discern;  
 That at the last My Flock should burst,  
 From heav'n 't must all come down:  
 And now I tell thee of thy taste,—  
 Thy appetite is found  
 Sicken'd of all that men do call  
 The perfect Bread of Me;  
 No, 'tis the water and the blood,  
 That now must set you FREE.  
 The Bread of Life must end the strife  
 Which comes from Heaven's High  
 Throne—  
 The bread of man may soon be gone,—  
 For, now I shall disown  
 All those that come now in My Name,  
 And do My Flesh deny;  
 I'll put My Shepherds all to shame,



They like the Sheep *may die*—  
 And be *the Flesh* for to bring forth  
 A Food thou can'st not bear;  
 No, 'tis from Me they all shall see,  
 The blood and water here:  
 For now I AM come, I tell you plain,  
 So perfectly like thee;—  
 My appetite from all is gone;—  
 My body I do see  
 Is broken here as men appear,  
 To make it earthly food—  
 And nothing but the bran is here,  
 They've *all refus'd the good*:  
 'Tis but a few I well do know,  
 That in the vine do stand:  
 Tho' they as fruit their works do shew,  
 They are ripen'd to my hand.  
 But now their taste will not digest  
 I say, no more to Me;  
 Than thou can'st bear the earthly fruit,  
 That's ripen'd on the trees:  
 Just so is man their fruit become,  
 As loathsome in My sight;  
 And they shall find, before 'tis long,  
 I do them all dislike:  
 As thou dost here, all fruit appears  
 Quite loathsome unto thee:  
 And loathsome let the Shepherds hear,  
 Their fruit is all to ME:  
 Because their fruit is to the root,  
 To slay their LORD once more;  
 Then let such shepherds all stand mute,  
 Their fruit I cannot bear—  
 No! there the axe I now will fix,  
 To cut *such Branches* down:—  
 And then to satan I shall fix,  
 For he shall *feel* his wound.  
 The fruit is gone I see in man,  
 And barren minds appear,  
 To think My Gospel e'er must stand,  
 To have *no change* appear:—  
 Then of My death, and of My worth,

You nothing make of Me;  
 Only to change a worthless race,  
 Still worse and worse to be.  
 The Jews at first you know were cast,  
 When I did first appear,  
 Their sacrifices then did cease;  
 And all their prophets there  
 Did fall with ME; blind mortals see,  
 What change did then take place;  
 But my Apostles then judg'd ME,  
 That I should *all embrace*  
*Another day*, they then did say;  
 And *now the day* is come  
 That I shall change the scenes for all,  
 My gospel now make known.  
 It was from heaven My word was given,  
 That there the bread must come;  
 And that my flesh must be your food,  
 Your ROCK to build upon.—

And now I shall answer thee in plain words, as the verse may appear stumbling to the readers; for thy tears prevented ME from making it clear. And now I shall go back to Sacrifices and Burnt Offerings. It was the command of the Lord that was given to Moses for Burnt Offerings to be offered up to the Lord; but these Burnt Offerings and Sacrifices were but Types and Shadows, of MY being offered up for the Sins of Mankind, as the Paschal Lamb, to make atonement for man. In thy writings I have told thee, what the meaning of the Two Rams was, and what the Burnt Offering of Sin, IS; and why the Blood of Bulls and of Goats is mentioned in the Scriptures to make *no atonement* for sin. Now these things that were mentioned in the Scriptures I have already told thee, and now I tell thee again, though they were commanded, they only stood as Types and



**Shadows OF THE LAST DAYS.** But did these Types and Shadows last for ever? Look at the Jews, though they do not believe in ME, nor in MY Gospel, yet, these Types and Shadows are done away by them. For as the Changes of the Season bring Summer and Winter, Seed time and Harvest; and one whole Crop is cut down which is ripe for the Harvest—and NEW SEED is sown again: so the time came for the cutting off the Jews, and the NEW SEED was sown in the Gentiles, and then instead of Sacrifices and Burnt Offerings, I COMMANDED THE BREAD AND WINE TO BE KEPT IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME, till I came with THE WORD AND THE BREAD that cometh down from Heaven: then know, it is MY FLESH that must be your Food; and MY BLOOD that was shed, must be your Drink. And now I shall explain the meaning of the words, "Ye have kept the Sacrament in remembrance of ME"—not as MY Flesh as must change your vile Bodies, and make them like My Glorious Body, that death might be swallowed up in Victory; and MY WORD to be THE BREAD of Life—that as in Adam all died; even so in CHRIST shall all be made alive. This is THE BREAD of Heaven; and these are MY words left on record, which, if a man BELIEVE, he will find MY Flesh to be Flesh indeed—Spiritual Food; Spiritual Meat.—And My Blood shall cleanse you from all Sins. He that denieth this, denieth MY Bible, and do not keep My Sacrament according to My Words, the Bread of Life coming down

from Heaven, but according to the Customs of Men—the Bread of Men—and not according to the Word of GOD.”

adieu, &c.

JANE TOWNLEY.

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*From the same to the same*

*Sunday Afternoon, July 22nd, 1804.*

*Reverend Sir,*

We received a Letter from Mr. Sharp, wherein he informs us the Clergy are preaching against Joanna and her Friends from the Pulpit, without reading her Books. Here Joanna was deeply answered; the Truth of the Gospel was here made manifest—“Blind Leaders of the Blind, till all fall into the Ditch together.” For they are judging of things they know nothing about; and where are the Gentiles better than the Jews? For, they are doing despite to the Spirit of God, saying, they want not the knowledge of the MOST HIGH, and they are crucifying the LORD daily IN THE SPIRIT, as the Jews did IN THE BODY, and are bringing the day of Vengeance on themselves; and, was it not for the NEW COVENANT that the LORD said HE would make with man, “that the Iniquities of the Fathers should no more be laid upon the Children, but it was the soul that sinned should die” and this NEW COVENANT, HE



hath established with us, that blessed be the Lord, their Iniquities cannot destroy us, as the fall of Adam fell upon all the race of Mankind; but this **NEW COVENANT** Cuts off that Fall from all them that believe in Redemption, in and through the Merits of Christ; so blessed be the Lord for His unbounded mercies, that from **THE AUTHORITY** of the Bible as well as **THE PROMISES** made to me in my Writing, the Lord will not now lay the Iniquities of one upon the other, nor punish the Innocent with the Guilty, the Just with the unjust;—but deeply are the Words said to me, the devil is now working **STRONG** in the Ministers to bring the day of Vengeance upon man, that he may escape the Curse pronounced upon him, and could he work thus in the hearts of all men, the world must be burnt up like the Scroll, and all must be burnt to ashes, and I must say justly deserve it; for if God so loved the World to give His Only Son to have His Heel Bruized, as promised in the Fall for the Transgression of man; and Christ so loved the World to give up his Life for man, and man was ready to clamour for His Blood; but now the time is come for satan's curse, to fulfil the promise that was made at the same time in the beginning—they now want to make **GOD** a liar in the promise **HE** made through **HIS SON**; for, if we read our Bibles through, the Bible is no more clear of **CHRIST'S** Death and Sufferings for man, than it is of **HIS** triumphing over Death, Hell, and Sin, and treading down all the Wicked as Ashes under **HIS** Feet, which was prophesied by the Prophet Malachi, as well as from the Gospel, 1st. Epistle of John, 5th chap. 11th ver. —“*This is the*

*Record that GOD hath given to us, Eternal Life, and this Life is in HIS SON." I need not quote to you the many passages of Scripture which assure us of eternal life in this World through CHRIST JESUS, both of Redemption and Salvation, and that HE will destroy all the works of the devil, as well as the promise made in the Revelations, that he is to be chained down FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. I am sorry to say, I believe the Clergy know no more of their Bibles, than they do of my writings—and was the Lord to come forward, as it is said to me, with a Sword in one hand, and his Bible in the other, the Shepherds must fall as the grass before HIM, for they could not answer one word of a thousand:—only allow, they have been Blind Leaders of the Blind, and must confess they have acted as it is said in the 82nd Psalm, 5th verse.—“That will not be learned, nor understand, but walk on still in darkness; all the Foundations of the Earth are out of course. I have said, “ye are Gods: and ye are all the Children of the “MOST HIGHEST. But ye shall die like men; and “fall like one of the Princes.”—*

——“ Now, Joanna, I shall answer,  
Thou no further hast to go;  
JAH, JEHOVAH, is thy Master,  
All the Shepherds I do know,—  
Like the psalm that thou hast mention’d,  
They are wandering here from Me:  
But they’ll hold no Contention,  
Because *the Light they will not see.*  
The Psalm is true before their view,  
And true the words are come;  
They neither know, nor will they learn  
What root to build upon—



But boldly stray, as thou dost say,  
 My Bible's all despis'd ;  
 But my *Just Judgments* they shall see,  
 To make the Fools more wise.  
 Did I appear to perish here ?  
 And hang upon the Tree,  
 The clamouring Tongues of men to  
     hear ?

And Satan swell'd this way ?  
 To say, 'twas come now to his doom,  
 But men will not submit,  
 To let the Cross for him to come,  
 Nor nail his hands, nor feet :—  
 His head to bruize, they do refuse,  
 Is satan's haughty pride ?  
 I tell you fataler than the Jews,  
 The Gentiles now must hide :—  
 The Rocks now call, to skreen you all,  
 That will the serpent free ;  
 The Axe is laid I tell you all,  
 Then *tremble* every Tree,  
 That now stand out so full of doubt,  
 And wish him to remain—  
 No Love for ME there cannot be,  
 Your sickly love is vain ;  
 Your rage do swell inflam'd by hell,  
 And there you all shall go,  
 Unless like Nineveh you'll fall  
 In sorrow, grief, and woe.  
 But I'll raise up an Israel's hope,  
 For them that trust in ME ;  
 I never did on Calvary drop,  
 To set the serpent free—  
 As you vain men do now contend,  
 MY BIBLE throw aside ;  
 And satan in you to remain,  
 Then sure in vain I died.—  
 If't must go on, then by your Plan,  
 For men to mock MY Name ;  
 I ask you how the Jews do stand,  
 Or, who do spread MY Fame ?

Will you appear to answer here,  
 You spread the Fame of ME,  
 To make a Bible none can clear,  
 But lies throughout to be?  
 Bring ME the man that can contend,  
 Fast bound in satan's chain,  
 To prove MY Bible all is true!  
 No, all your arts are vain.—  
 It can't be done, ye sons of men,  
 By satan's arts or yours—  
 MY Bible you do all deny.  
 And think yourselves secure,  
 To preach a word that came from God,  
 Which you affirm is wrong,  
 For if MY Bible all is false—  
 Then lies upon your tongue  
 You do appear, I tell you here,  
 In to the Church to go;  
 And to MY Altar do repair  
 With words you do not know—  
 The Bread of Heeven, must sure be  
     given,  
 I tell you tis MY WORD,  
 That must come down, the end be found,  
 You ne'er discern'd your LORD!  
 From Types at first all things did burst,  
 And so that Type did come:  
 But know *the end* was MY Intend,  
 To make THE TRUTH be known;  
 Shadows from man, the Bread did come,  
 Shadows of Bread below:  
 But now 'tis drawing to the end,  
 Your bread will never do.  
 No, 'tis MY WORD must be the Bread,  
 To save you in the end;  
 And 'tis My FLESH must now break  
     forth,  
 The Spirit 's my intend  
 Must here appear, your Flesh must bear,  
 To eat and drink with ME:  
 I see the ponderings in thy heart,



Which way can THIS THING be?  
 To eat MY Flesh, can man express,  
 To eat the Flesh was MINE?  
 A mystery here thou cans't not clear,  
 Thy pondering thoughts resign.—  
 It is not so, I well do know,  
 My Flesh is not their Food :  
 But further let thy thoughts to go—  
 And let them eat MY Word ;  
 That's to believe, I dont deceive,  
 Then let MY Flesh appear ;  
 And know that I shall come again,  
 Their every guilt to clear —  
 That man with ME alike may be,  
 Close joined to the VINE ;  
 Then in MY Spirit you will drink,  
 And know MY Blood's the Wine,  
 That must appear *in power* here,  
 The Water-pots to turn :  
 And in *the end* they'll all see clear,  
 With Wine I've made them strong,  
 Because MY word, that's on record,  
 Shall make their Foes submit ;  
 And when in *power* I appear  
 They'll TREMBLE at their Feet.  
 So I'll end here, and say no more,  
 But let MY Sheep demand  
 THE WAY the Bible men can clear,  
 If they DENY thy hand—  
 No man on earth can now come forth,  
 To prove these Writings thine ;—  
 And as to hell, where darkness dwells,  
 They surely must resign :  
 Because from he it cannot be  
 As I have said before ;  
 A Judas men would make of he,  
 To bring his gallows here :—  
 Himself to hang, but 'tis for men,  
 That he persuades them so ;  
 Because their GOD they may condemn,  
 And all to hell may go.—

But when that I, who dwell on High,  
**PROVE** every word I've spoke;  
 I ask them where they then will fly,  
 For to prevent the Stroke."—

adieu, &c. &c.

**JANE TOWNLEY.**




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